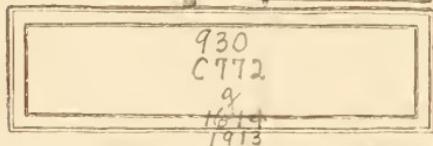


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Greenes Tu=quoque

or

The City Gallant

by Io. COOKE

1614

THE CIVILIAN

THE CITY GALLANT

*Date of earliest known original edition . . . . . 1614*

(B.M. C. 34, c. 19)

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Greenes Tu-quoque

or

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*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII



# Greenes Tu quoque

by Io. COOKE

1614

*This facsimile is from an original in the British Museum.  
There is another copy in Bodley. Another edition appeared in  
1622 and another undated (? 1640).*

*Mr. Bullen supplied all that is known of the author in his  
article in "The Dictionary of National Biography."*

JOHN S. FARMER.



# Greenes Tu quoque;

O R,  
The Cittie Gallane.

It hath beeene divers times acted by the Queens  
Maiesties Servants.

Written by I. COOKE G.C.E.



Printed at London for John Trundle. 1613.









## To the Reader.

**T**O gratulate the loue and memory of my worthy friend the Author, and my entirly beloued Fellow, the Actor, I could not chuse being in the way iust when this Play was to be published in Print, but to prefixe some token of my affection to either in the frontispice of the Booke. For the Gentleman that wrote it, his Poem it selfe can better speake his praise, then any Oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this worke was diuulg'd with his consent or no: but besoone, since it hath past the Test of the stage with so generall an applause; pity it were but it shoulde likewise haue the honour of the Presse. As for Master Greene, all that I will speake of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was neare an Actor of his nature in his time of better ability in performance of what he undertooke; more applaudent by the Audience, of greater grace at the Court, or of more general loue in the City, and so with this briefe character of his memory, I commit him to his rest,

Thomas Heywood

Vpon the death of Thomas Greene.

How faste bleake Autumne changeth Floraes dye,  
What yesterday was (Greene) now's seare & dy.

W. R.

Upon the Death of Thomas Greene.  
Autumn changeth Floras dye  
as Greene had late dyed







## Greenes Tu Quoque.

A Mercers Shop discouered, Gartred working in it, Spendall walking by the Shop : M Ballance walking ouer the Stage : after him Longfield and Geraldine.

Francis.



Hat lacke you sir? faire stoffes, or veluets?  
Ball. Good morrow Franke.

Fran. Good morrow master Ballance.

Gerald. Saue you master Long-field.

Long. And you sir, what businesse drawes  
you toward this end o'th towne?

Gerald. Faith no great serious affaires, onely a stirring  
humour to walke, and partly to see the beauties of the Ci-  
tie; but it may be you can instruct me: pray whose shop's  
this?

Long. Why tis Will Rases fathers, a man that you are  
well acquainted with. Enter a wench with a basket of

Ger. As with your selfe; and is that his sister? Linnen

Long. Marry is it sir.

Ger. Pray let vs walke, I would beholde her better.

Wench. Buy some quaises, handkerchers, or very good  
bonelace Mistris.

Gart. None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchers, sir?

Spend. Yes, haue you any fine ones?

Wench. Ile shew you choice, please you looke sir?

Spend. How now! what newes?

P.

Wench.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Wench. Mistris Tickleman has sent you a Letter, and expects your company at night, and intreats you to send her an angell, whether you can come, or whether you can not.

Her reader.

Spend. Sweet rascal! if your loue be as earnest as your protestation, you will meete me this night at Supper, you know the randeuows, there will be good company, a noise of choice Fidlers, a fine boy with an excellent voice, very good songs and bawdy; and which is more, I doe purpose my selfe to be exceeding merry: but if you come not, I shall powt my selfe sick, and not eate one bit to night.

Your continuall close friend,

Nan Tickle-man.

I pray send me an angell by this bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.

What's the price of these two?

Wench. Halfe a crowne in truth, sir.

Spend. Hold thee, there's an angell, and commend me to my delight, tell her I will not faile her, though I loose my freedome by't.

Exit wench.

Wench. I thanke you sir; buy any fine handkerchers?

Long. You are taken sir extreamely, what's the obiect?

Gerald. Shee's wonderous faire.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts bee on wenching Ille leauue you.

Gerald. You shall not be so vnfriendly, pray assist mee; Weel to the shop and cheapen stoffes or sattins.

Spend. What lacke you Gentlemen? fine stoffes, velvets, or sattins? pray come neare.

Ger. Let me see a good sattin.

Spend. You shall sir, what colour?

Ger. Faith I am indifferent, what colour most affectes you Lady?

Gart. Sir!

Ger. Without offence (faire creature) I demaund it.

Gart.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. Sir, I beleue it, but I never did  
Tie my affection vnto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (fairest) is fast tied  
Vnto the crimson colour of your cheeke.

Gart. You rellish too much Courtier, sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteene indeede sir.

Long. You set a high rate on't, it had neede be good.

Spend. Good! if you find a better i'th towne, Ile giue you  
mine for nothing: if you were my owne brother, I'de put it in-  
to your hands, looke vpon't, tis close wrought, and has an  
excellent glasse.

Long. I, I see't.

Spend. Pray sir come into the next roome; Ile shew you  
that of a lower price shall (perhappes) better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue, sure hee was  
brought vp in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in sir?

Long. No, tis no matter, for I meane to buy none.

Gerald. Pre thee walke in, what you bargaine for, Ile dis-  
charge.

Long. Say so; fall to your worke, Ile be your chapman.

Ger. Why doe you say I flatter? Exeunt Spend. Long.

Gart. Why? you doe;

And so doe all men when they women wooe.

Ger. Who lookes on heauen, and not admires the worke?

Who viewes a well cut Diamond, does not praise

The beauty of the Stone? if these deserue

The name of Excellent, I lacke a word

For theſe which merit more,

More then the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty Poetry, good fiction this: Sir, I must  
leauue you.

Ger. Leauue with me first some comfort.

Gart. What would you craue?

Gerald. That which I feare you will not let me haue.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. You doe not know my bounty; Say what t'is.

Ger. No more (faire creature) then a modest kisse.

Gart. If I should give you one, would you restraine,  
on that condition, ne'r to begge againe.

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Gart. Then' seemes you haue,

Though you get nothing, a delight to craue,  
One will not hurt my lippe, which you may take,  
Not for your loue, but for your absence sake. So farewell sir.

Ger. O fare thee well (faire regent of my soule)  
Never let ill sit neerethee, vntesse it come  
To purge it selfe; be as thou euer seemst,  
An Angell of thy Sex, borne to make happy  
The man that shall possesse thee for his Bride.

Enter Spendall and Longfield.

Spen. Wil you haue it for thirteene shillings and six pence?  
Ile fall to as lowe a price as I can, because Ile buy your cu-  
stome.

Long. How now man! what! intranced?

Ger. Good sir, ha you done?

Long. Yes saith, I thinke as much as you, and t'is iust no-  
thing: where's the wench?

Gerald. Shee's heere sir, heere.

Long. Vds pitty! vnbutteron man, thou'l stifle her else.

Ger. Nay good sir, will you goe?

Long. With all my heart, I stay but for you.

Spen. Doe you heare sir?

Long. What say?

Spend. Will you take it for thirteene?

Long. Not a penny more then I bid. Ex. Ger. & Long.

Spend. Why then say you might haue had a good bargaine;  
Wherc's this boy to make vp the wates? lieere's some tenne  
peeces opened, and all to no purpose. Enter Boy.

Boy. O Franke! shut vp shop, shut vp shop.

Spend. Shut vp shop, boy, why?

Boy. My Master is come from the Court knighted, and bid

vs,





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

vs, for he sayes he will haue the first yeare of the reigne of his  
Knighthood kept holiday; here he comes. Enter sir Lionell.

*Spend.* God giue your worship ioy, sir.

*Sir Lion.* O Francke! I haue the worship now in the right  
kinde, the sword of Knighthood sticks stil vpon my shoulders,  
and I feele the blow in my purse, it has cut two leather bagges  
asunder; But all's one, honour must be purchac'd: I will giue  
ouer my Citty coate, and betake my selfe to the Court jacket;  
as for trade, I will deale in't no longer, I will seate thee in my  
shop, and it shall be thy care to aske men what they lacke, my  
stocke shall be summed vp, and I will call thee to an account  
for it.

*Spend.* My seruice sir, neuer deseru'd so much,  
Nor could I euer hope so large a bountie  
Could spring out of yout loue,

*Sir Lion.* That's all one, I do loue to do things beyond mens hopes;  
To morrow I remooue into the Strand,  
There for this quarter dwelle, the next at Fulham:  
He that hath choice, may shift, the whil'st shalt thou  
Be malster of this house, and rent it free..

*Spend.* I thankeyou sir.

*Sir Lion.* To day I'lle go dine with my Lord Maior: to mor-  
row with the Sherifses, and next day with the Aldermen, I will  
spread the Ensigne of my knighthood ouer the face of the Citi-  
ty, which shall strike as great a terror to my enemies, as euer  
Tamberlaine to the Turkes..

Come Francke, come in with me, and see the meate,  
Vpon the which my knighthood first shall eate... Ex: omnes.

Enter Staines.

*Staines.* There is a diuell has haunted me these three yeares,  
in likenesse of an Vsurer, a fellow that in all his life neuer eat  
three groat loaves out of his owne purse, nor neuer warmed  
him but at other mens fires, neuer saw a ioynt of mutton in his  
owne house these soure and twenty yeares, but alwayes coso-  
ned the poore prisoners, for he alwayes bought his victualls

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

out of the almes-basket, and yet this rogue now feedes vpon  
caspons which my tenantes sent him out of the Countrey; he is  
Landlord forsooth ouer all my possessions: well, I am spent,  
and this rogue has consumed me; I dare not walke abroade to  
see my friends, for feare the Sericants should take aquain-  
tance of me: my refuge is Ireland, or Virginia; necessitie cries  
out, and I will presently to Westchester. Enter Bubble.

How now! Bubble hast thou pack'd vp all thy things? our par-  
ting time is come: nay pre thee doe not weepe.

Bub. Affection sir will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast beene a faithfull seruant to me, go to thy  
vnkle, hee'l give thee entertainment, tell him vpon the sto-  
nie rocke of his mercilesse hart my fortunes suffer shipwracke.

Bub. I will tell him he is an vsuring rascall, and one that  
would do the Common-wealth good, if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for, thou arte his  
heire, my affectionate Bubble.

Bub. But Master, wherefore should we be parted? (full:

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hope-

Bub. Why but whither doe you meane to goe Maister?

Staines. Why to Sea.

Bub. To sea! Lord blesse vs, me thinks I heare of a tempest  
already, but what will you doe at Sea? (pyrate.

Staines. Why as other Gallanis doe that are spent, turne

Bub. O Maister! haue the grace of Wapping before your  
eyes, remember a high tide, giue nor your friends cause to wet  
their handkerchers: nay Maister, Ile tell you a better course  
then so, you and I will goe and robbe mine vnkle; if we scape,  
wee'l dominiere together, if we be taken, wee'l be hanged  
together at Tyburne, that's the warmer gallowes of the two.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. By your leaue sir, whereabouts dwells one M. Bubble?

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, doe you know M. Bubble  
if you doe see him?

Mes. No in truth doe I not.

Bub. What is your busynesse with Maister Bubble?

Mess.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Mes. Marry sir, I come with welcome newes to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Mes. May I be assured sir, that your name is master Bubble?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is master Bubble,  
Master Bartholomew Bubble.

Mes. Why then sir, you are heire to a million, for your vncle  
the rich vsurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee honest friend; gote to the next Haberdashers,  
and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take thou  
that for thy labour.

Mes. I will sir. Exit.

Enter another Messenger hastily, and knockes.

Bub. Vmh, vnh, vnh.

Sla. I wold the newes were true; see how my little Bubble  
is blowne vp with't! (there?)

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, for what doe you knocke

2. Mes. Marry sir, I would speake with the worshipfull  
Master Bubble.

Bub. The worshipfull! and what would you doe with the  
worshipfull Master Bubble? I am the man.

2. Mes. I cry your worship mercy then, Master Thong the  
Belt-maker sent me to your worship, to give you notice, that  
your vncle is dead; and that you are his onely heire. Exit.

Bub. Thy newes is good, and I haue look'd for't long,  
Thankes vnto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter Maister Blancke.

Staines. Certainly, this newes is true: for see another, by  
this light his Scriuener! now M<sup>r</sup> Blancke, whither away so fast?

Bla. Maister Staines, God saue you, where is your man?

Staines. Why looke you sir, do you not see him?

Bla. God saue the right worshipfull master Bubble; I bring  
you heauy newes with a lightheart.

Bub. What are you?

Bla. I am your worships poore Scriuener.

Bub. He is an honest man it seems, for he has both his eares.

Bla. I am one that your worships vncle committed some  
trust

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

trust in for the putting out of his mony, and I hope I shall haue  
the putting out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine! would you haue the putting  
out of money?

Bla. Yea sir.

Bub. No sir, I am olde enough to put out my owne mony.

Bla. I haue writings of your worships.

Sta. As thou lou'ſt thy profite, hold thy tonge, thou and I  
will conſerre.

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, can you tell me when, and  
how my uncle died? (Butcher?)

Bla. Yes sir, he died this moring, and hee was kill'd by a

Bub. How! by a Butcher?

Bla. Yes indeed sir, fongoing this moring into the Mar-  
ket, to cheape meat, hee fell downe starkē dead, because a  
Butcher ask'd him four shillings for a ſhoulder of Mutton.

Bu. How starkē dead? & could not aqua vita ſetche him again?

Bla. No sir, nor Rosafolis neither, and yet there was triall  
made of both.

Bu. I ſhall loue aqua vita & roſa ſoli the better while I liue;

Sta. Will it please your worſhip to accept of my poore ser-  
vice, you know my caſe is deſperate, I beſeech you that I may  
feed vpon your bread, tho it be of the brownest; and drinke of  
your drinke tho it be of the ſmalleſt, for I am humble in body,  
and deiected in minde, and will do your worſhip as good ſer-  
vice for forty ſhillings ayeare, as another ſhall for 3. pounds.

Bub. I wil not ſtand with you for ſuch a maſter, because you  
haue-beene my maſter, but otherwife, I will entertaine no man  
without ſome Knights or Ladies Letter for theit behauour,  
Geruafe I take it is your chriſten name.

Sta. Yes if it pleafe your worſhip.

Bub. Well Geruafe, be a good ſervant, and you ſhall finde  
me a diuitiull maſter: and because you haue-beene a Gentle-  
man, I will entertaine you for my Tutor in behaviour; Con-  
duct me to my pallace. (Exeunt omnes.)

Enter Geraldine as in his ſtudy reading.

Gere. As little children loue to play with fire;

And





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

And will not leaue till they themselues doe burne,  
So did I fondly dally with Desire:  
Vntill Loues flames grew hote, I could not turne,  
Nor well auoyde; but sigh and sob, and mourne  
As children doe, whenas they feele the paine,  
Till tender mother kisse them whole againe.  
Fie, what vnsauery stiffe is this? but shee,  
Whose mature iudgement can distinguishe things,  
Will thus conceit; tales that are harsherold,  
Haue smoothest meanings, and to speake are bold:  
It is the first-borne Sonet of my braine,  
We suck'd a white leafe from my blacke-lipp'd penne  
So sad employmēt. *Enter Will Rast and Longfield.*  
Yet the dry paper drinkes it vp as deep,  
As if it flow'd from Petrarkes cunning Quill.

*Rast.* How now! what haue we heere, a Sonet and a Satire  
coupled together like my Ladie's Dogge and her Munkie; *As  
little children &c.*

*Ger.* Prethee away, by the deepest oath that can be sworne,  
thou shalt not reade it, by our friendship I coniure thee, pre  
thee let goe.

*Rast.* Now in the name of *Cupid*, what want'st thou, a pi  
geon, a dove, a mate, a turtle, dost loue fowle, hast  
One, shee's fairer thrice then is the *Queene*,  
Whom beauteous *Venus* called is by name, pre thee let mee  
know what she is thou louest, that I may shunne her, if I should  
chance to meete her.

*Long.* Why Ile tell you sir what she is, if you do not know.

*Rast.* No not I, I protest. *Long.* Why tis your sister.

*Rast.* How! my sister? *Long.* Yes, your eldest sister.

*Rast.* Now God blesse the man, he had better chuse a wench  
that has been borne and bred in an alley, her tongue is a perpe  
tuall motion, Thought is not so swift as it is; and for pride, the  
woman that had her Russe poak'd by the diuell, is but a Puff  
tan to her, thou couldst never haue fastned thy affection on a  
worse subiect, shee'll blowt faster then a court-waiting woman

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

in progresse, any man that comes in the way of honesty does  
she set her marke vpon, that is, a villalnous least; for she is a  
kinde of Poetessee, and will make Ballads vpon the values of  
your legges: I pre thee let her alone, shoo'l never make a good  
wife for any man vnlesse it be a Leather dresser; for perhaps  
he, in time, may turne her.

*Ger.* Thou hast a Priuiledge to vitter this,  
But by my life my owne bloud could not scape  
A chaitcement for thus prophating her,  
Whose vertues sits aboue mens calumnies,  
Had mine owne brother spoke thus liberally,  
My fury should haue taught him better manners.

*Long.* No more words as you feare a challenge.  
*Rash.* I may tell thee in thine care, I am glad to heare what  
I do; I pray God send her no worse husband, nor he no worse  
wife: do you heare loue, will you take your Cloak and Rapier,  
and walke abroad into some wholesome aire? I do much feare  
thy infection, good councell I see will do no good on thee, but  
pursue the end, and to thy thoughts, Ile proue a faithfull friend.

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickleman, Sweatman, *Exe.*

*Purjenet, and a Drawer.*

*Spend.* Here's a spacious roome to walke in, sirra set downe  
the candle, and fetch vs vp a quart of Ipocras, and so wee'll part.

*Sweat.* Nay faith Sonne, wee'll have a pottle, let's nerbo  
couetous in our yong'dsydes.

*Spend.* A pottle sirra, doe you heare?

*Dra.* Yes sir, you shall.

*Spend.* How now Wench! how dost?

*Tickle.* Faith I am somewhat sicke, yet I should be well e-  
nough if I had a new gowne.

*Spend.* Why heere's my hand, within these three dayes thou  
shalt haue one.

*Sweat.* And will you (sonne) remember me for a new fore-  
part, by my troth, my old one is worne so bare, I am ashamed  
any body should see it.

*Spend.* Why, did I euer faile of my promise?

*Sweat.*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sweat. No i[n] sinceritie didst thou not. Enter Drawere.

Dra. Heere's a cup of rich Ipocras.

Spend. Here sister, mother, and master Pursnet; nay good sir, be not so dejected, for by this wine, to morrow I will send you stiffe for a new suite, and as much as shall line you a cloake cleane through.

Purs. I thanke you, and shall study to deserue.

Spend. Heere boy, fill, and hang that eurmogin that's good for no body but himselfe.

Purs. Heroickly spoken by this Candle, tis pity thou were not made a Lord.

Spend. A Lord! by this Light I doe not thinke but to bee Lord Maior of London before I die, and haue three Pageants carried before me, besides a Shippe and an Vnicorne; prentices may pray for that time, for whensoeuer it happens, I will make another Shrouetuesday for them. Enter Drawere.

Dra. Yong master Raſh has sent you a quart of Maligoe.

Spend. M: Raſh! zownd how does he know I am here?

Dra. Nay, I know not sir.

Spend. Know not? it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions, tis my Masters sonne, a fine gentleman he is, &c a boone companion, I must go see him. Exit Spend.

Sweat. Boy, fill vs a cup of your maligo, wee'l drinke to M. Spendall in his absence, there's not a finer spirit of a Citizen within the walles, here master Pursnet you shall pledge him.

Purs. Ile not refuse it were it puddle: by Stixhs is a bounifall Gentleman, and I shall report him so: heere M. Tickleman, shall I charge you?

Tickle. Doe your worst Sergeant, Ile pledge my yoong Spendall a whole sea, as they say, fa la la la la, would the Muscke were heere againe, I doe beginne to be wanton, Ipocras fitta, and a drie bisket; here bawd, a carowse.

Sweat. Bawd! Ifaith you beginne to grow light ith head, I pray, no more such words, for if you doe, I shall grow into distempers.

Tickle. Distempers! hang your distempers, be angry with  
C 2 me.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

me and thou dar'st, Igray, who seedes you, but I? who keepes  
the feather-beddes from the Brokers, but I? tis not your saw-  
sege face, thicke-clowted creame rampallion at home, that  
snuffles in the nose like a decayed Bagge-pipe.

Purs. Nay, sweete Mistris Tickle-man, be concordant, re-  
uerence Antiquitie.

Enter Rast, Longfield, and Spendal.

Rash. Sauē you, sweete creatures of beauty, sauē you:  
How now olde Belzebub, how dost thou?

Sweat. Belzebub! Belzebub in thy face.

Spend. Nay, good words Mistris Sweatman, hee's a young  
Gallant, you must not weigh what he sayes.

Rash. I would my lamentable complayning Louer had  
beene heere, heere had beene a Supersedeas for his melan-  
choly, and yfaith Francke I am glad my father has turn'd ouer  
his shop to thee, I hope I, or any friend of mine, shall haue so  
much credite with thee, as to stand in thy bookees for a suite of  
Sattin.

Spend. For a whole pece, if you please, any friend of yours  
shall command me to the last remenant.

Rash. Why God a mercy Francke, what, shall's to dice?

Spend. Dice or drincke, heere's forty crownes, as long as  
that will last, any thing.

Rash. Why there spoke a gingling Boy.

Spend. A pox of money, tis but rubbish, and he that hord's  
it vp, is but a Scavenger: if there be cardes ith house, let's goe  
to Primero.

Rash. Primero! why I thought thou haddest not been so much  
gamster as to play at it.

Spend. Gamster (to say truth) I am none, but what is it I  
will not be in good company? I will set my selfe to all humors,  
I will game with a Gamster, drinke with a drunkard, be cinill  
with a citizen, fight with a Swaggerer, and drabbe with a  
whooore-master.

Enter a Swaggerer puffing.

Rash.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. An excellent humour yfaith

Long. Zownds what haue we heere?

Spend. A land Porpoise; I thinke.

Rash. This is no angry, nor no roaring bdy; but a blustering boy; now Bolus defendvs, what puffes are these?

Swag. I doe smell a whoore.

Dra. O Gentlemen, giue him good words, hee's one of the roaring boyes.

Swag. Rogue.

Dra. Heere sir.

Swag. Take my cloake, I must vnbuckle, my pickled oyters worke; puffe, puffe.

Spend. Puffe, puffe.

Swag. Dost thou retort; in opposition stand.

Spend. Out you swaggering Rogue, Zownds Ile kicke him out of the roome. Beates him away.

Tickle. Out alas! their naked booles are our,

Spend. Feare not (sweet heart;) come along with me.

Enter Gartred sola. Exeunt omnes.

Gart. Thrice happy dayes they were, and too soone gone,  
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,  
And no deceitfull flattery or guile:

Hung on the Louers teare-commixed smile:

Could women leatne but that imperiousnesse,

By which men vs to stint our happinessse,

When they haue purchast vs for to be theirs;

By custome sighs and forced teares,

To giue vs bites of kindnessse lest we faint,

But no abundance, that we euer want,

And still are begging; which too well they know

Endeeres affection, and doth make it grow:

Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,

That we might glory duer loue-sick men?

But Arts we know not; nor haue any skill,

To faine a sowe looke to a pleasing will,

Nor cowch a secret loue in shew of hate:

Enter Joyce.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

But if we like, must be compassionate ;  
Yet I will strive to bridle and conceale,  
The hid affection which my heart doth feele.

*Joyce.* Now the boy with the Bird-bolt be praisde : nay faith  
sister forward , t'was an excellent passion, come let's heare,  
what is hee? if hee be a proper man, and haue a blacke eye, a  
smooth chinne, and a curld pate; take him wench , if my father  
will not consent , runne away with him , I'le helpe to conuey  
you.

*Gart.* You talke strangely sister.

*Joyce.* Sister, sister, dissemble not with me , though you doe  
meane to dissemble with your louer , though you haue pro-  
tested to conceale your affection; by this tongue you shall not,  
for I'le discouert all as soone as I know the Gentleman.

*Gart.* Discouer, what will you discouer?

*Joyce.* Mary , enough Ile warrant thee, first and formost, Ile  
tell him thou readst loue-passions in print, and speakest euerie  
morning without booke to thy looking-glasse; next, that thou  
neuer sleep'st, till an houre after the Bell-man; thar as soone as  
thou art asleepe, thou art in a dreame, and in a dreame thou art  
the kindest and comfortablest bed-fellow for kissings and  
embracings ; by this hand, I can not rest for thee, but our fa-  
ther.

*Enter sir Lyonell.*

*Lyonell.* How now ! what are you two consulting on , on  
husbands? you think you loose time I am sure , but holde  
your owne a little Girtles , it shall not be long ere I'le prouide  
for you: and for you *Gartred*, I haue bethought my selfe alrea-  
*Whirle-pit* the vsurer is late deceast, (dy,  
A man of vndeowne wealth , which he has left  
Vnto a prouident kinsman as I heare,  
That was once seruant to that vnthrifte *Staines*.  
A prudent Gentleman they say he is,  
And (as I take it) called maister *Bubble*.

*Joyce Bubble!*

*Lyonell* Yes nimble-chappes, what say you to that?

*Joyce*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Joyce.* Nothing, but that I wifn his Christer name were

*Warte.*

*Gart.* Sir, I'm at your disposing, but my minde  
Stands not as yet towards marriage,  
Were you so pleasde I wou'd a little longer  
Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

*Lyonell.* Heere's the right tricke of them all, let a man  
Be motion'd to vñ, they could be content  
To leade a single life forsooth; when the harlotries  
Doe pine and runne into diseases,  
Eate chalke and oate-meale, cry and creep in corners,  
Which are manifest tokenes of their longings,  
And yet they will dissemble. But *Gartred*,  
As you doe owe me reuerence, and will pay le,  
Prepare your selfe to like this Gentleman,  
Who can maintaine thee in thy choice of Gownes,  
Of tyres, of seruants, and of costly Jewells;  
Nay for a neede, out of his easie nature,  
Mai'st draw him to the keeping of a Coach  
For Countrey, and Carroach for London,  
Indeed what mightst thou not.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, here's one come from Master Bubble, to invite  
you to the funerall of his vncle.

*Lyonell.* Thanke the Messenger, and make him drinke,  
Tell him I will not faile to wait the coarſe,  
Yet stay, I will goe talke with him my ſelfe.  
*Gartred.* thinke vpon what I haue tolde you,  
And let me er't be long receiuē your anſwere.

*Exeunt Lyonell & Ser.*

*Joyce.* Sister, ſister.

*Gart.* What ſay you ſister?

*Joyce.* Shall I prouide a Cord?

*Gart.* A Cord! what to doer?

*Joyce.* Why to let thee out at the window; doe not I know  
that thou wilt runne away with the Gentleman, for whom you  
made

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

made the passion, rather then endure this same Bubble, that my father talkes of, t'were good you would let mee bee of your councell, lest I breake the necke of your plot.

*Gart.* Sister, know I loue thee,  
And I'le not thinke a thought thou shalt not know;  
I loue a Gentleman that answeres me,  
In all the rites of loue as faithfully,  
Has woo'd me oft with Sonets, and with teares,  
Yet I seeme still to slight him: Experience tells,  
The Lewell that's enioy'd is not esteem'd,  
Things hardly got, are alwayes highest deem'd.

*Joyce* You say wel sister, but it is not good to linger out too long, continuance of time will take away any mans stomacke i'th world; I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

*Gart.* You shall.

*Joyce* Why goe to then, you shall have my opinion of him; if he deserue thee, thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you can not finde in your heart to tell him you loue him, I'le sigh it out for you; come, we little creatures must helpe one another.

*Exiunt.* *Enter Geraldine.*

*Ger.* How cheerfully things looke in this place,  
Tis alwayes Spring-time heere, such is the grage  
And potencie of her who has the blisse,  
To make it still Elizenum where she is:  
Nor doth the King of flames in's golden fires,  
After a tempest answer mens desires,  
When as he castis his comfortable beames,  
Ouer the flowrie fields and siluer streames,  
As her illustrate Beaurie strikes in me,  
And wrappes my soule vp to felicitie.

*Enter Gartred and Joyce alife.*

*Joyce* Doe you heare sir?

*Gart.* Why sister, what will you doe?

*Joyce* By my mayden-head, an oath which I ne'r tooke in vaine, either goe downe and comfort him, or I'le call him vp, and





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

and disclose all : What, will you haue no mercie ? but let a proper man , that might spend the spirit of his youth vpon your selfe, fall into a consumption, for shame sister.

*Gart.* Yare the strangest creature, what would you haue me doe ?

*Joy.* Marry, I would haue you goe to him, take him by the hand, and grype him, say yare welcome, I loue you with all my heart, you are the man must doe thefeat, and take him about the necke, and kisse vpon the bargalne.

*Gart.* Fie how you talke, 'tis meere immodestie,  
The common'st strumpet would not doe so much.

*Joy.* Marry the better, for such as are honest,  
Should still doe what the common strumpet will not:  
Speake, will you doe it ?

*Gart.* Ile loose his company for euer first.

*Joyce.* Doe you haere sūd heere's a Gentlewoman would speake wkh you.

*Gart.* Why sister, pray sister.

*Joyce.* One that loues you with all her heart, yet is ashamed to confess it.

*Gart.* Good sister hold your tonge, I will goe downe to him.

*Joyce.* Doe not least with me, for by this hand I'le eyther get him vp, or goe downe my selfe, and reade the whole History of your loue to him.

*Gart.* If youle forbearre to call, I will goe downe.

*Joyce.* Let me see your backe then, and heare you? doe not vs him scurilie you were best; vnset all your tyrannical looks, and bid him louingly welcome, or as I liue, I'le stretch out my voice againe ; vds foot, I must take some paines I see, or wee shall never haue this geare cotton : but to say truch, the fault is in my melancholy Monsieur, for if hee had but halfe so much spirit, as he has flesh, hee might ha boorded her by this. But see, yonder she marches ; now a passion of his side of halfe an houre long , his hattē is off alreadye, as if he were begging one poore penny-worth of kindnesse.

*Enter Gart.*

D

*Gart.*

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ger. Shall I presume (faire Mistri<sup>s</sup>) on your hand to lay my  
vnworthy lip?

Joyce. Fie vpon him, I am ashamed to heare him, you shall  
haue a Country fellow at a Maie pole, go better to his werke:  
he had neede to be constant, for hee is able to spoile as many  
Maides as he shall fall in loue withall.

Gart. Sir, you professe loue vnto me, let me intreate you it  
may appeare but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it (Lady) and I shall soone effect it.

Gart. But for this present to forbeare this place,  
Because my father is expected heere.

Ger. I am gone Lady.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Joyce. Looke vp to the window.

Ger. What say you Gentlewoman?

Gart. Nay pray sir goe, it is my sister call's to hasten you.

Joyce. I call to speake with you, pray stay a little.

Ger. The Gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gart. She has nothing, I doe coniure you, as you loue me,  
stay not.

Exit Joyce.

Ger. The power of Magick can not fasten me, I am gone.

Gart. Good sir, looke backe no more, what voice ere call  
you.

Imagine, going from me, you were comming,  
And vse the same spedde, as you loue my safety. Exit Ger.

Wilde witted sister, I haue preuented you,

I will not haue my loue yet open'd to him,

By how much longer 'tis ere it be knowne,

Enter Joyce.

By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchast:

But I must vse my strength to stop her iourney;

For she will after him: and see, she comes;

Nay sister, you are at surdest.

Joyce. Let me goe you were best, for if you wrastle with me  
I shall throw you, passion, come backe, foole, louer, turne a-  
gaine, and kisse your belly full;

For





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

For heere she is will stand you, doe your worst:  
Will you let me goe?

Gart. Yes, if youle stay.

Joyce. If I flitre a foote, hang me, you shall come together  
of your selues, and be naught, doe what you will, for if 'ere I  
trouble my selfe againe, let me want help  
In such a case when I need.

Gart. Nay but pre thee sister be not angry.

Joyce. I will be angry, vdsfoot, I cannot indure such foole-  
zie, I, two bashfull fooles that would couple together, and yet  
ha not the faces.

Gart. Nay pre thee sweete sister.

Joyce. Come, come, let me goe, birds that want the vse of  
reason and speach, can couple together in one day, and yet you  
that haue both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Gart. Why what good would it doe you to tell him?

Joyce. Doe not talke to me, for I am deafe to any thing you  
say, goe weepe and crie.

Gart. Nay but sister.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter Staines, and a Drawer with wine.*

Sta. Drawer, bid them make haste at home,  
Tell them they are comynge from church.

Dra. I will sir.

*Exit Drawer.*

Sta. That I shold liue to be a seruynge-man, a fellow which  
scalds his mouth with another mans porridge, brings vp meat  
for other mens bellies, and carries away the bones for his own,  
changes his cleane trener er for a fowle one, and is glad of it,  
and yet did I never liue so merry a life, when I was my masters  
master, as now I doe, being man to my man, and I will stand  
too't for all my former speeches, a seruynge-man liues a better  
life than his Master, and thus I prooue it; the saying is, The  
nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh: then must the seruynge-  
man needes eate the sweeter flesh, for hee alwayes pickes the  
bones. And againe the Proverbe sayes, The deeper the sweeter:  
There has the seruynge-man the vantage againe, for hee drinks  
stil in the bottome of the pot, hee filleth his belly, and never

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

askes what's to pay? weares broad-cloth, and yet dares walke Watling-Streete, without any feare of his Draper: and for his colour, they are according to the season, in the Summer hee is apparelled (for the most part) like the heauens, in blew, In the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

*Enter Bubble, sir Lionell, and Long-field and Sprinckle.*  
But see, I am preuented in my Encomium,  
I could haue maintaine'd this theame these two houres.

*Lyon.* Well, God rest his soule, hee's gone, and we must all follow him.

*Bub.* I, I, hee's gone sir *Lionell*, hee's gone.

*Lyonell.* Why tho he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him againe, with all your cunning, it must bee your comfort, that he died well.

*Bub.* Truly and so it is, I would to God I had eene another vncle that would die no worse; surely I shall weepe againe, if I should find my handkercher.

*Long.* How now! what, are these onions?

*Bub.* I, I, sir *Lyonell*, they are my onions, I thought to haue had them roasted this morning for my cold: *Gernase* you haue not wept to day, pray take your onions Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is sharpe, therefore there is a banquet within to sweeten your conceits: I pray walke in Gentlemen, walke you in, you know I must needes be melancholie, and keepe my Chamber, *Gernase*, vslter them into the banquet.

*Sir.* I shall sir, please you sir *Lyonell*.

*Gentlemen and Gernase goe on.*

*Lyonell* Well Master *Bubble*, wee'le goe in and taste of your bountie.

In the meane time, you must be of good cheere.

*Bub.* If griesse take not away my stomacke,  
I will haue god cheere I warrant you *Sprinckle*.

*Sprin.* Sir.

*Bub.* Had the women puddings to their dole?

*Sprin.* Yes sir.

*Bub.* And how did they take them?

*Sprin.*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Sprin.* Why with their hands, how should they take vme?

*Bub.* O thou Hercules of ignorance! I mean, how were they satisfied?

*Sprin.* By my troth sir, but so so, and yet some of them had two.

*Bub.* O infatiable women! whom two puddings would not suffice, but vanish Sprinkle; bidde your fellow Geruase come hither:

*Exit Sprinkle.*

And off my mourning robes, griefe to the graue,  
For I haue golde, and therefore will be braue:

In silkes I'le rattle it of euery colour,

And when I goe by water, scorne a Sculler,

In blacke carnation velvet I will cloake me,

*Enter Staines.*

And when men bid God saueme, Cry *Tu quoque*:

It is needfull a Gentleman should speake Latine sometimes,  
is it not *Geruase*?

*Sta.* O very gracefull sir, your most accomplish'd Gentle-  
men are knowne by it.

*Bub.* Why then will I make vse of that little I haue,  
Vpon times and occasions, heere *Geruase*, take this bag,  
And runne presently to the Mercers, buy me seuen ells of horse  
flesh colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow satin, and eight  
yards of orange tawney velvet; then runne to the Tailers, the  
Haberdashers, the Sempsters, the Cutlers, the Perfumers, and  
to all trades whatsoe'r that belong to the making vp of a Gen-  
tleman; and amongst the rest, let not the Barber bee forgot-  
ten: and looke that hee be an excellent fellow, and one that  
can snacke his fingers with dexteritie.

*Sta.* I shall fit you sir.

*Bub.* Doe so good *Geruase*, it is time my beard were cor-  
rected, for it is growne so sawsie, as it beginnes to play with  
my nose.

*Staines.* Your nose sir must indure it: for it is in part the fa-  
shion.

*Bub.* Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall indure it, let  
it tickle his worst.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Sta.* Why now y'are ith right sir, if you will be a true Gal-  
lant, you must beare things resolute, as this sir, if you be at an  
Ordinary, and chance to lōse your money at play, you must  
not fret and fume, teare cardes, and fling away dice, as your  
ignorant gamster, or country-Gentleman does, but you must  
put on a calme temperate action, with a kind of carelesse smile,  
in contempt of Fortune, as not being able with all her engins  
to batter down one pecece of your estate, that your means may  
be thought invincible, never tell your money, nor what you  
haue wonne, nor what you haue lost: if a question be made:  
your answer must be, what I haue lost, I haue lost, what I haue  
wonne, I haue wonne, a close heart and free hand, makes a  
man admired, a testerne or a shilling to a seruant thac brings  
you a glasse of beere, bindes his hands to his lippes, you shall  
haue more seruice of him, then his Master, hee will be more  
humble to you, then a Cheater before a Magistrate:

*Bub.* *Gernase*, giue mee thy hand, I thinke thou hast more  
wit then I that am thy Master, and for this Speech onely, I doe  
here create thee my steward: I do long me thir kes to be at an  
Ordinary, to smile at Fortune, and to be bounifull: *Gernase* a-  
bout your busynesse good *Gernase*, whilst I goe and meditate  
vpon a Gentleman-like behauour, I haue an excellent gate  
already *Gernase*, haue I not?

*Sta.* Hercules himselfe sir, had never a better gate.

*Bub.* But dispatch *Gernase*, the satrin and the velvet must be  
thought vpon, and the *Tu quoque* must not bee forgotten: for  
whensoeuer I giue Armes, that shall be my Motto. *Exit Bub.*

*Sta.* What a fortune had I throwne vpon me, when I pre-  
ferred my selfe into this fellowes seruice! indeede I serue my  
selfe, and not him, for this Golde heire is mine owne truely  
purchased: he has credite, and shall runne ith booke for't, I'le  
carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to looke in-  
to my actions, my mortgage I haue already got into my hanus:  
the rent hee shal enioy a while, till his riott constraine him to  
sell it, which I will purchase with his owne money, I must  
cheate a little, I haue beene cheated vpon, therefore I hope  
the





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

the world will a little the better excuse mee , what his vncle  
crafily gor from me, I will knauishly recouer of him , to come  
by it, I must vary shapes , and my first shifft shall be in fatten :  
*Puteus* propitious be to my disguise,  
And I shall prosper in my enterprise. Exit.

Enter Spendall, Purseret, and a boy with Rackets.

Spend. A Rubber sirra.

Boy. You shall sir.

Spend. And bid those two men you said would speak with  
me, come in.

Boy. I will sir.

*Exit Boy.*

Spend. Did I not play this Sett well ?

Enter Blanke and another.

Purſe Excellent well by Phaeton, by Erebus, it went as if it  
had cut the Line.

Bla. God blesſe you sir.

Spend. Master Blanke ! welcome,

Bla. Here's the Gentleman's man sir has brought the mony.

Ser. Wilt please you tell sir?

Spend. Haue you the Bond ready master Blanke?

Bla. Yes sir.

Spend. Tis well, Purſeret, help to tell —— 10. 11. 12.  
What time haue you giuen ?

Bla. The thirteenth of the next Month.

Spend. Tis well, here's light golde.

Ser. T'will be the leſſe troubleſome to carry.

Spend. You ſay well sir, how much haſt thou tolde?

Purſe. In golde and ſilver here is twenty pounds.

Bla. Tis right M. Spendall, I'll warrant you.

Spend. I'll take your warrant sir, and tell no further, come  
let me ſee the Condition of this Obligation.

Purſe. A man may winne from him that cares not for't,  
This roiall Cesar doth regard no Cash,  
Has throwne away as much in Duckes and Drakes,  
As would haue bought ſome 5000 Capons.

Spend. Tis very well ; ſo, end me your penne,

Purſe.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Purſ. This is the Captaine of braue Citizens,  
The Agamemnon of all merry Greekes,  
A Stukelijor a Sherley for his spirit,  
Bounty and Royalty to men at armes.

Bla. You giue this as your deed.

Spend. Mary do I ſit.

Bla. Pleaſeth this Gentleman to be a witneſſe.

Spend. Yes Mary ſhall he, Purſenet, your hand.

Purſ. My haund is at thy ſervice, Noble Bratus.

Spend. There's for your kindneſſe maſter Blanke.

Bla. I thanke you ſir.

Spend. For your paines.

Ser. I'le take my leaue of you.

Spend. Whar, muſt you be gone too, maſter Blanck?

Bla. Yes indeede ſir, I muſt to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both, Purſenet,

Taſte that twenty pounds, and giue it miſtris Sweatman

Bid her pay her Landlord and Apothecarie,

And let her Butcher and her Baker ſtay,

They're honest men, and I'le take order with them.

Purſ. The Butcher and the Baker then ſhall ſtay.

Spend. They muſt till I am ſomewhat stronger purſt.

Purſ. If this be all, I haue my erand perfect. Exit Purſ.

Spend. Heere ſirra, heere's for balls, there's for your ſelfe.

Boy I thanke your woſhip.

Spend. Command me to your miſtris. Exit Spend.

Boy I will ſir; in good faith 'tis the liberallſt Gentleman  
that comes into our Court, why he cares no more for a ſhilling  
then I doe for a box o'th care, God blesſe him. Exit.

Enter Staines Gallant, Long-field and a Servant.

Sta. Sirra, what a clocke i'ſt?

Ser. Past tenne ſir.

Sta. Heere will not be a Gallant ſcene this houre.

Ser. Within this quarter ſir, and leſſe, they meete heere as  
ſoone as at any Ordinary i' th towne.

Staines





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Hast any Tobacco?

Ser. Yes, sir.

Sta. Fil's.

Long. Why thou report'st miracles, things not to be beleaved: I protest to thee, hadst thou not vnriv'd thy selfe to me, I should never haue knowne thee.

Sta. I tell you true sir, I was so farre gone, that desperation knocked at mine elbow, and whispered newes to mee out of Barbarie.

Lon. Well, I'm glad so good an occasion staid thee at home, And mai'st thou prosper in thy project, and goe on, With best successis of thy inuention.

Sta. False dice say Amen, for that's my induction; I do meane to cheate to day without respect of persons: When sawest thou Will Rafe?

Long. This morning at his Chamber, heele be heere.

Sta. Why then doe thou give him my name and character, for my aime is wholy at my worshipfull Master.

Lon. Nay thou shalt take another into him, one that laughs out his life in this Ordinary, thankes any man that winnes his money; all the while his money is loosing, he sweares by the croffe of this siluer, and when it is gone, hee changeth it to the hilts of his sword.

Enter Scatter-good and Nimpie-hammer.

Sta. Hee'le be an excellent coach-horse for my captaine.

Scat. Sau'e you Gallants, sau'e you.

Lon. How think ye now? haue I not caru'd him out to you?

Sta. Th'asft lighted me into his heart, I see him throughly.

Scat. Nimpie-hammer. Nin, Sir.

Scat. Take my cloake and rapier also: I thinke it be early Gentlemen, what time doe you take it to be?

Sta. Inclining to eleuen sir.

Scat. Inclining! a good word; I would it were inclining to twelue, for by my stomacke it should be high Noone: but what shall we doe Gallants? shall we to cardes, till our Company comes?

Long. Please you sir.

E

Scatt.

## *Greenes Tu Quoque.*

*Scat.* Harry, fetch sir Cardes, me thinkes 'tis an vnseeme-  
ly fight to see Gentlemen stand idle, please you to impart your  
smeake.

*Long.* Very willingly sir.

*Scat.* In good faith a pipe of excellent vapour.

*Long.* The best the house yeeldes.

*Scat.* Had you it in the house? I had thought it had beene  
your owne: 'tis not so good now as I tooke it to be: Come  
Gentlemen, what's your game?

*Sta.* Why Gleeke, that's your onely game.

*Scat.* Gleeke let it be, for I am perswaded I shall gleeke  
some of you; cut sir.

*Long.* What play we, twelue pence gleeke.

*Scat.* Twelue pence, a crowne; vds foote I will not spoile  
my memory for twelue pence.

*Long.* With all my heart.

*Scat.* Honnor.

*Scat.* What ist, Harts?

*Sta.* The King, what say you?

*Long.* You must speake sir.

*Scat.* Why I bid thirteene.

*Sta.* Foureteene.

*Scat.* Fifteene.

*Sta.* Sixtoene.

*Long.* Sixteene, seuenteeene.

*Sta.* You shal ha't for me.

*Scat.* Eighteeene.

*Long.* Take it to you sir.

*Scat.* Veflid I'le not be out-brau'd.

*Scat.* I vie it.

*Long.* I'le none ofit. *Scat.* Nor I.

*Sta.* Giue me a mournaull ofaces, and a gleck of queens.

*Long.* And me a gleck of knaues.

*Scat.* Veflid, I am gleck't this time.

*Enter Will Raſh.*

*Scat.* Play.

*Raſh.* Equall fortunes befall you Gallants.

*Scat.* Will Raſh, well, I pray see what a vile game I haue

*Raſh.* What's your game, Gleeke?

*Scat.* Ye faith, Gleek, and I haue not one Court carde, but  
the knaue of Clubbes.

*Raſh.*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rab. Thou hast a wilde hand indeede : thy small cardes shew like a troupe of rebelles , and the knaue of Clubbes their chiefe Leader.

Scat. And so they doe as God saue me, by the croisse of this siluer he sayes true.

Enter Spendall.

Spat. Pray, play sirs:

Long. Honnor.

Rab. How goe the stockes Gentlemen, what's won or lost?

Scat. This is the first game.

Scat. Yes this is the first game , but by the croisse of this siluer heere's all of fife pounds.

Spat. Good day to you Gentlemen.

Rab. Franske, welcome by this hand, how dost lad?

Spat. And how does thy wench yfaith.

Rab. Why fat and plump,

Like thy geldings : thou giu'ſt them both good prouender  
It seemes, go to, thou art one of the medd'ſt wagges,  
Of a Citizen'ith towne , the whole company talkes of thee  
already.

Spend. Talke, why let v̄m talke, v̄dsfoot I pay scot and lor,  
and all manner of dueties else, as well as the best of v̄m : it may  
be they vnderstand I keepe a whoore, a horse, and a kenneli of  
howndes, what's that to them ? no mans puise opens for't but  
mine owne ; and so long, my howndes shall eate flesh, my horse  
bread, and my whoore weare veluet.

Rab. Why there speake a courageous Boy.

Spend. Vd.foote, shall I be confin'd all the dayes of my life  
to walke vnder a pent-house ? no, I'le take my pleasure whiles  
my youth affoords it.

Scat. By the croisse of these hilts , I'le neuer play at Glecke  
againe, whilſt I haue a nose on my face,  
I ſnell the knauery of the game.

Spat. Why what's the matter? who has lost?

Scat. Marry that haue I , by the hiltes of my ſword , I haue  
lost forty crowns,in as ſmall time almoſt,as while a man might  
tell it.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Change your Game for dice,  
We are a full number for Nouum.

Scatt. With all my heart, where's M. Ambus, the Broaker  
Ninn-hammer?

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Go to M. Ambus, and bid him send me twenty marks  
upon this Diamond. Enter Bubble.

Nin. I will sir.

Long. Looke you (to make vs the merrier) who comes here.

Rab. A fresh Gamster, M. Bubble, God saue you.

Bub. Tu quoque sir.

Spend. God saue you Maister Bubble.

Bub. Tu quoque.

Sia. Saue you sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Long. Good maister Bubble

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scatt. Is your name Master Bubble?

Bub. Maister Bubble is my name, sir.

Scat. God saue you sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scat. Pray let vs salute againe.

Bub. With all my heart sir.

Lon. Behold yender the oke and the Iuy how they imbrace.

Rab. Excellent acquaintance, they shall be the Gemini.

Bub. Shall I desire your name sir?

Scat. Maister Scattergood.

Bub. Of the Scattergoods of London?

Scat. No indeed sir, of the Scattergoods of Hampshire.

Bub. Good Maister Scattergood,

Sia. Come Gentlemen, heere's dice.

Scat. Please you aduance to the Table?

Bub. No indeede sir.

Scatt. Pray will you goe?

Bub.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. I will goe sit ouer the whole world for your sake,  
But in curtesie I will not budge a foote. Enter Ninnibammer.

Nin. Heere is the Casy you sent me for, and master Raſh,  
Heere is a Letter from one of your sisters,

Spend. I haue the dice, set Gentlemen.

Long. From which sister?

Raſh. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spend. For me, six.

Omnus. And six that.

Sta. Nine; 1,2,3,4,5,6,7, and 8 : eightene shillings.

Spend. What's yours sir?

Scat. Mine's a Bakers dozen : master Bubble tel your mony.

Bub. In good faith I am but a ſimple Gamſter, and doe not  
know what to doe.

Scat. Why you muſt tell your money, and he'e le pay you.

Bub. My mony! I do know how much my mony is, but he  
ſhall not pay me; I haue a better conſcience then ſo : what for  
throwing the dice twice, yfaith he ſhould haue but a hard bar-  
gaine of it.

Raſh. Witty rafcall, I muſt needes away.

Long. Why what's the matter?

Raſh. Why the louers can not agree, thou ſhalt along with  
me, and know all.

Long. But firſt let mee iſtruct thee in the condition of this  
Gentleman, whom doſt thou take him to be?

Raſh. Nay, he'e a ſtranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you doe, iſ his beard were off, 'tis  
Scarlet.

Raſh. The diuell it is as ſone : and what's his purpose in  
this diſguife?

Long. Why cheating, doe you not ſee how he playes vpon  
his worshipfull Maifter, and the reſt.

Raſh. By my faith he drawes apace.

Spend. A pox vpon theſe dice, giue's a fresh hale.

Bubb. Ha ha, the dice are not to be blamed, a man may per-

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

eeue this is no Gentlemanly gamster, by his chafing : do you  
heare, my friend, fill me a glasse of beere, and ther's a shilling  
for your paines.

Dra. Your worship shall sir.

Rash. Why how now Frank, what hast lost?

Spend. Fifteene pounds 21. d vpwards : is there neuer an ho-  
nest fellow.

Amb. What, doe you lacke money sir?

Spend. Yes, canst furnish me?

Amb. Vpon a sufficent pawnē sir.

Spend. You know my shop, bid my man deliueryou a piece  
of three pile veler, and let me haue as much money as you  
dare aduenture vpon't.

Amb. You shall Sir.

Spend. A pox of this lucke, it will not last euer:

Play sir, I'le set you.

Rash. Franke, better fortune beset thee: and Gentleman, I  
must take my leaue, for I must leaue you.

Scat. Must you needs be gone?

Rash. Indeede I must.

Bub. Et tu quoque? Long. Yee truely.

Scat. At your discretions Gentlemen,

Rash. Farewell. Exeunt Rash & Long.

Sta. Cry you mercy sir, I am chanc'd with you all Gentle-  
men: heere I haue 7, heere 7, and heere 10.

Spend. Tis right sir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at all. Draves all.

Bub. One and fife that.

Spend. Vmble, and can a suite of Saitin cheate so grossely?  
By this light there's nought on one die but fives and sixes,  
I must not be thus guyl'd.

Bub. Come Maister Spendall, set.

Spend. No sir, I haue alone.

Scat. Why then let vs all leaue, for I thinke dinner's neare  
ready.

Scat.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Dra. Your meat's upon the Table.

Scat. O the Table! come Gentlemen, we do our stomackes wrong: M. Bubble, what haue you lost?

Bub. That's no matter, what I haue lost, I haue lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishnes of the dice.

Sta. I am but your steward Gentleman, for after dinner I may restore it againe.

Bub. M. Scatter-good, will you walke in?

Scat. I'll wait vpon you sir, come Gentlemen, will you follow? *Exit: manent Spendall & Staines.*

Sta. Yes sir, I'll follow you. Spen. Hearre you sir, a word.

Sta. Ten if you please.

Spend. I haue lost fifteene pounds..

Sta. And I haue found it

Spend. You say right, found it you haue indeed;

But never wonne it: doe you know this die?

Sta. Not I sir.

Spend. You seeme a Gentleman; and you may perceiue  
I haue some respect vnto your credite,  
To take you thus aside, will you restore  
What you ha drawne from me vnlawfully?

Sta. Sirra, by your out-side you seeme a citizen,  
Whose Cockes-comb, I were apt enough to breake,  
But for the Lawe; goe y'are a prating Jacke,  
Nor ist your hopes, of crying out for clubbes,  
Can save you from my chasticement, if once  
You shall but dare to vetter this againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! nay villaine, now thou temptest me to thy death.

Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer,  
The d<sup>r</sup>.st bloue flowes within you is the price.

Sta. Darst thou resist, thou art no Citizen.

Spend. I am a Citizen.

Sta. Say thou arte a Gentleman, and I am satisfied,  
For then I know thou'l answer me in field.

Spend. Ile say directly what I am, a Citizen,

And

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

And I will meete thee in the field as fairely  
As the best Gentleman that weares a sword.

*Sir.* I accept it, the meeting place.

*Spend.* Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

*Sir.* What weapon?

*Spend.* Single rapier.

*Sir.* The time.

*Spend.* To morrow.

*Sir.* The hour.

*Spend.* Twixt nine and ten.

*Sir.* Tis good, I shall expect you, farewell. *Ex. omnes.*

*Spend.* Farewell sir.

*Enter Will Rash, Long-field, and Joyee.*

*Rash.* Why I command thee Gerle, thou speakest as thou  
thinkst, thy tongue and thy heart are Relatiues, and thou wert  
not my sister, I shold at this time fall in loue with thee.

*Joyee.* You shold noe need, for and you were not my bro-  
ther, I shold fall in loue with you, for I loue a proper man  
with my heart, and so does ali the Sex of vs, let my sister dissem-  
ble never so much, I am out of charite with these nice and sque-  
mish tricks, we were borne for men, and men for vs, and wee  
must together.

*Rash.* This same plaine dealing is a Jewell in thee.

*Joyee.* And let nice enjoy that Jewell, for I loue plaine dea-  
ling with my heart.

*Rash.* Tha't a good wench yfaith, I shold never be ashamed  
to call thee sister, though thou sholdst marry a Broome-  
man; but yout louer me thinkes is ouer tedious.

*Enter Geraldine.*

*Joyee* No, looke ye sir, could you wish a man to come better  
vpon his q, let vs withdraw.

*Rash.* Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot, wench,  
See he prepares.

*Joyee.* Silence.

*Gerald.* The Sunne is yet wrapt in *Ancreas armes*,  
And lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures:

*Awake*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Awake thou god of heate,  
I call thee vp, and taske thee for thy slownesse;  
Poynt all thy beames through yonder flaring glasse,  
And raise a beauty brighter then thy selfe; Musickes.  
Musitions, giue to each Instrument a tongue,  
To breathe sweete musicke in the eares of her  
To whom I send it as a messenger. Enter Gartred aloft.

*Gart.* Sir, your musickes is so good, that I must say I like it;  
but the Bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to loose  
it: if you plaid for mony, there 'tis; if for loue, heere's none;  
if for goodwill, I thanke you, and when you will you may be  
gone,

*Ger.* Leave me not intranc'd: sing not my death,  
Thy voyce is able to make Satires tame,  
And call rough windes to her obedience.

*Gart.* Sir, sir, our eares itch not for flattery, heere you be-  
siege my window, that I dare not put forth my selfe to take the  
gentle Ayre; but you are in the fieldes, and volley out your  
woes, your plaints, your loues, your iniuries.

*Ger.* Since you haue heard, and know them, giue redresse,  
True beauty never yet was mercilesse.

*Gart.* Sir, rest thus satisfied, my minde was never woman,  
never alter'd, nor shall it now beginne:  
So fare you well. Exit Gart.

*Rash.* Sfoot, she playes the terrible tyrannizing Tamberlaine  
over him, this it is to turne Turke, from a most absolute com-  
plete Gentleman, to a most absurd ridiculous and sond lo-  
uer.

*Long.* Oh, when a woman knowes the power and authori-  
tie of her eie.

*Lojer.* Fie vpon her, shes good for nothing then, no more  
then a iade that knowes his owne strength: The windowe is  
clasped, now brother, pursue your project, and deliuer your  
friend from the tyranny of my domineering sister.

*Rash.* Doe you heare, you drunkard in loue, come in to

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

is and beruled, you woul'd little thinke, that the wench that taiked so scurily out of the window there, is more inamored on thee then thou on her: nay, looke you now, see if hee turne not away slighting our good cou-cell: I am no Christion if shee doe not sigh, whine, and grow sicke for thee: I looke you sir, I will bring you in good witnesse against her.

*Loyce.* Sir, y'are my brothers friend, and I'le be plaine with you, you doe not take the course to winne my sister, but indirectly goe about the bush: you come and fiddle heere, and keepe a coile in verse: holde off your hatte, and beg to kisse her hand, which makes her pround. But to bee short, in two lices thus it is:

Who most doth loue, must seeme most to neglect it,  
For those that shew most loue, are least respected.

*Lang.* A good obseruation by my faith.

*Rafb.* Well this instruction comes too late now,  
Stand you close, and let me prosecute my inuention,  
Sister, O sister, wake, arise sister.

*Enter Gartred above.*

*Gart.* How now brother, why call you with such treour?  
*Rafb.* How can you sleepe so sound, and heare such groanes,  
So horride and so tedious to the eare,  
That I was frighted hither by the sound ?  
O sister, heere lies a Gentleman that lou'd you too deereley,  
And himselfe too ill, as by his death appeares,  
I can report no further without teares;  
Assist me now.

*Lang.* When he came first, death startled in his eyes,  
His hand had not forsooke the dagger hilt,  
But still he gaue it strength, as if he feard  
He had not sent it home vnto his heart.

*Gart.* Enough, enough,  
If you will haue me liue, giue him no name,  
Suspition tells me 'tis my Geraldine:  
But be it whom it will, I'le come to him,

To





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

To suffer death as resolute as he.      *Exit Gart.*  
*Rash.* Did not I tell you 'twould take, downe sit downe.  
*Ger.* I ghesse what y'ould haue me doe.  
*Long.* O for a little bloud to besprinkle him.  
*Rash.* No matter for blood, I'le not suffer her to come neare  
him, till the plot haue tane his full height.  
*Ger.* A scarffe ore my face, lest I betray my selfe.

*Enter Gartred belowe.*

*Rash.* Heere, heere, lie still, she comes,  
Now Mercurie, be propitious.

*Gart.* Where lies this spectacle of bloud?

This tragike Seeane.

*Rash.* Yonder lies Geraldine.

*Gart.* O let me see him with his face of death!  
Why doe you stay me from my Geraldine?  
*Rash.* Because, vnworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see  
The man now dead, whom living thou didst scorne,  
The worst part that he had, deseru'd thy best,  
But yet contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, despisde by you,  
Vnsit for aught but for the generall marke  
Which you were made for, mans creation.

*Gart.* Burst not my heart before I see my Loue,  
Brother, vpon my knees I begge your leaue,  
That I may see the wound of Geraldine.  
I will embalme his body with my teares,  
And carry him vnto his sepulcher,  
From whence I'le never rise, but be interr'd  
In the same dust he shall be buried in.

*Long.* I doe protest shée drawes sad teares from me,  
I pre thee let her see her Geraldine.

*Gart.* Brother, if're you lou'd me as a sister,  
Deprive me not the sight of Geraldine.

*Rash.* Well, I am contented you shall touch his lippes,  
But neither see his face nor yet his wound,

*Gart.* Not see his face?

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Raf. Nay, I haue sworne it to the contrary:  
Nay, harke you further yet.

Gart. What now?

Raf. But one kisse, no more.

Gart. Why then no more.

Raf. Marry this liberty I'le give you,  
If you intend to make any speach of repentance  
Ouer him, I am content, so it be short.

Gart. What you command is Law, and I obey.

Joyce. Peace, giue care to the passion.

Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore  
Thy discontented ghost to be appeasde :  
Send not vnto me till I come my selfe :  
Then shalt thou know how much I honor'd thee,  
O see the colour of his corall lippe!  
Which in despight of death liues full and fresh,  
As when he was the beauty of his Sex :  
T'were sinne worthy the worst of plagues to leauethee :  
Not all the strength and pollicie of man  
Shall snatch me from thy bosome.

Long. Looke, looke, I thinke shee'l rauish him.

Raf. Why how now sister?

Gart. Shall we haue both one graue? here I am chain'd,  
Thunder nor Earthquakes shall shake me off.

Raf. No? I'le try that, come dead man, awake, vp with your  
bag and baggage, and let's haue no more fooling.

Gart. And liue's my Geraldine?

Raf. Liue? faith I,  
Why shold he not? he was neuer dead,  
That I know on.

Ger. It is no wonder Geraldine shold liue,  
Tho he had emptied all his vitall spirites,  
The Lute of Orpheus spake not halse so sweete,  
When he descended to th' infernall vaults,  
To fetch againe his faire Euridice,  
As did thy sweete voyce to Geraldine.

Gart.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. I'le exercise that voyce, since it doth please  
My better selfe, my constant Geraldine.

Joyce. Why so l̄, heere's an end of an old Song,  
Why could not this haue beeene done before  
I pray?

Gart. O y're a goodly sister, this is your plot:  
Well, I shall liue one day to requite you.

Rash. Spare me not, for wheresoeuer I set my affection, al-  
though it be vpon a Colliar, if I fall backe, vnlesse it bee in the  
right kinde, binde mee to a stake, and let mee be burned to  
death with char-coale.

Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to  
be done at this time, but as wee brought you together, so to  
part you, you must not lie at rache and manger: there be those  
within, that will forbid the banes, Time must shake good For-  
tune by the hand, before you two must be great, specially you  
sister; come leue swearing:

Gart. Must we then part?

Rash. Must you part? why how thinke you? vdsfoote, I do  
thinke we shall haue as much to do to get her from him, as we  
had to bring her to him: this loue of women is of a strange  
qualitie, and has more trickes then a Juggler.

Gart. But this, and then farewell.

Ger. Thy company is heauen, thy absence hell:

Rash. Lord who'l think it?

Joyce. Come wench.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Spendall, and Staines.*

Spend. This ground is firme and even, I'le goe no further.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you sir,  
You shall haue faire play for your life of me,  
For looke sir, I'le be open breasted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinkes his safety lieth in a  
French doubler.

Nay I would stripp my selfe, would comelinesse

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Giue suffrance to the deed, and fight with thee,  
As naked as a Mauritanian Moore.

*Sra.* Giue me thy hand, by my heare I loue thee,  
Thou art the highest spirited Citizen,  
That euer Guild-hall tooke notice of.

*Spend.* Talke not what I am, vntill you haue tried me.

*Sra.* Come on sir. *They fight.*

*Spend.* Now sir, your life is mine.

*Sra.* Why then take it, for I'le not begge it of thee.

*Spend.* Nobly resolu'd, I loue thee for those words,  
Heere take thy armes againe, and if thy malice  
Haue spent it selfe like mine, then let vs part  
More friendly then we met at first encounter.

*Sra.* Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship,  
Vntill I shall recouer't with my honour.

*Spend.* Will you fight againe then?

*Sra.* Yes.

*Spend.* Faith thou dost well then, iustly to whip my folly.  
But come sir.

*Sra.* Hold, y'are hurt I take it.

*Spend.* Hurt! where? zownds I feele it not.

*Sra.* You bleed I am sure.

*Spend.* Sblood, I thinke you weare a cattes claw vpon your  
Rapiers point,  
I am scratcht indeed, but small as 'tis,  
I must haue blood for blood.

*Sra.* Y'are bent to kill I see.

*Spend.* No by my hopes, if I can scape that sinne,  
And keepe my good name, I'le never offer't.

*Sra.* Well sir, your worst.

*Spend.* We both bleed now I take it,  
And if the motion may be equall thought,  
To part with clasp'd hands : I shall first subscribe.

*Sra.* It were unmanlinesse in me to refuse  
The safety of vs both, my hand shall never fall  
From such a charitable motion.

*Spend.*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Then toynke we both, and heete our malice ends,  
Tho soes we came to' th field, wee'l depart frends. *Exeunt.*

*Enter sir Lyonell, and a Servant.*

Lyon. Come, come, follow me knaue, follow me, I haue the  
best nose 'ith house, I thinke, either wee shall haue rainie wea-  
ther, or the vaults vnstop'd : sirra, goe see, I would not haue  
my guesse smell out any such inconuenience : Doe you heare  
sirra, Symon?

Ser. Sir.

Lyon. Bid the Kitchin-maide skowre the sincke, and make  
cleane her backe-side, for the wind lies iust vpon't.

Ser. I will sir.

Lyon. And bid Anthonie put on his white fustian doublter,  
for hee must wait to day : It doth mee so much good to stirre  
and talke, to place this, and displace that, that I shall neede no  
Apothecaries prescriptions, I haue sent my daughter this mor-  
ning as farre as Pimliko to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it  
may fetch a colour in her cheeke, the puling harlotrie looks  
so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother  
would say, God rest her soule, before she died. *Exit Servant.*

*Enter Bnuble, Scattergood, and Staines,*

Ser. Sir, the Gentlemen are come already.

Lyon. How knaue, the Gentlemen !

Ser. Yes sir, yonder they are.

Lyonell. Gods pretious, we are too tardie, let one be sent  
presently to mee the gentles, and hasten their comming home  
quickeley : how dost thou stand dreming ? Gentlemen, I see  
you loue me, you are carefull of your houre ; you may be de-  
ceiued in your cheare, but not in your welcome.

Bnb. Thankes, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scatterg. A pretty concise roome : sir Lyonell, where are  
your daughters?

Lyon. They are at your seruice sir, and forth comming.

Bub. Gods will Geruase ! how shall I behaue my selfe to  
the Gentlewomen ?

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Sra.* Why aduance your selfe toward them, with a comely steppe, and in your salute, be carefull you strike not too high, nor too lowe, and afterward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will beare you out.

*Bub.* Nay, and that be all, I care not, for I'le set a good face on't, that's flat : and for my weather parts, let them speake for themselues : here's a legge, and euer a Baker in England shew me a better, I'le give him mine for nothing.

*Sra.* O that's a speciaall thing that I must caution you of.

*Bub.* What sweete *Gernase*?

*Sra.* Why for commanding your selfe ; never whilst you liue commend your selfe : and then you shall haue the Ladies themselues commend you.

*Bub.* I would they would else.

*Sra.* Why they will I'le assure you sir, and the more vilye you speake of your selfe, the more will they striue to collaud you.

*Enter Gartred and joyce.*

*Bub.* Let me alone to dispraise my selfe, I'le make my selfe the arrantest Cockef-combe within a whole Countrey.

*Lyonell.* Heere come the Gipsies, the Sunne-burn'd gertles, Whose beauties will not yter them alone, They must haue bagges although my credite cracke for't.

*Bub.* Is this the eldest sir ?

*Lyonell.* Yes marry is she sir.

*Bub.* I'le kisse the yongest first, because she likes me best.

*Sra.* Marry sir, and whilst you are there, I'le be heere : O delicious touch ! I thinke in conscience Her lippes are lined quite through with Orenge Tawny veler.

*Bub.* They kisse exceeding well, I doe not thinke but they haue beene brought vp too'r, I will beginne to her like a Gentleman in a set speech : Faire Ladie, shall I speake a word with you ?

*Joyce.* With me sir?

*Bub.*





## Greenes Tu quoque.

Bub. With you Lady,—this way,—a little more,—  
So now tis well, vnh—

Euen as a Drummer,—or a Pewterer.

Ioy. Which of the two no matter,  
For one beates on a Drumme, tother a Platter.

Bub. In good fayth sweet Lady you say true:  
But pray marke me further, I will begin againe.

Ioy. I pray Sir doe.

Bub. Euen as a Drummer, as I sayd before,—  
Or as a Pewterer.

Ioy. Very good Sir.

Bub. Doo—doo—doo.

Ioy. What doo they doo?

Bub. By my troth Lady, I doe not know: for to say truth,  
I am a kind of an Aſſe.

Ioy. How Sir, an Aſſe?

Bub. Yes indeed Lady.

Ioy. Nay that you are not.

Bub. So God ha mee, I am Lady: you neuer saw  
an arranter Aſſe in your life.

Ioy. Why heer's a Gentleman your friend, will not say so.

Bub. Yfayth but he shall: How say you Sir; Am not I an Aſſe?

Scatt. Yes by my troth Lady is he: Why Ile say any thing  
my brother Bubble sayes.

Gart. Is this the man my Father choose for mee,  
to make a Husband of? O God, how blind  
are parents in our loues: so they haue weath,  
they care not to what thinges they marry vs.

Bub. Pray looke vpon mee Lady.

Ioy. So I doe Sir.

Bub. I but looke vpon mee well, and tell mee if you euer  
saw any man looke so scuruyly, as I doe?

Ioy. The fellow sure is frantique.

Bub. You doe not marke mee.

Ioy. Yes indeed Sir.

G.

Bub.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. I but looke vpon mee well:

Did you euer see a worse timberd Legge?

Ioy. By my sayth tis a pretty fowre square Legge.

Bub. I but your fowre square Legges are none of the best.  
Oh! Iarnis, Iarnis.

Sta. Excellent well sir.

Bub. What say you now to mee Lady, can you find  
ere a good inch about mee?

Ioy. Yes that I can sir.

Bub. Find it, and take it sweete Lady:

There I thinke I bobd her, Iarnis?

Ioy. Well sir, disparadge not your selfe so : for if you were  
The man you'd make your selfe ; yet out of your  
Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough  
To loue you.

Bub. Augh ! now shee comes to mee : My behauour? alas,  
alas, tis clownicall; and my discourse is very bald, bald :  
You shall not heare mee breake a good least  
in a twelue monthe.

Ioy. No sir ? why now you breake a good least.

Bub. No, I want the Boone Ioure, and the Tugnagues,  
Which yonder Gentleman has : Ther's a bob for him too :  
There's a Gentleman, and you talke of a Gentleman?

Ioy. Who hee? hee's a Coxcombe indeed.

Bub. We are sworne Brothers in good sayth Lady.

Enter Servant.

Scatt. Yes in truth wee are sworne Brothers, and do meane  
to goe both alike, and to have Horses alike.

Ioy. And they shall be sworne Brothers too?

Scatt. If it please them, Lady.

Ser. M. Ballance, the Goldsmith desires to speake with you.

Lyo. Bid him come, knaue.

Scatt. I woondre (Sir Lyonell) your sonne Will Raff is not  
heere?

Lyo. Is hee of your acquaintance, sir?

Scatt. O very familiar; hee strooke mee a boxe on the eare  
once,





## Greene's Tu quoque.

once, and from thence grew my loue to him.

Enter Ballance.

Lyo. It was a signe of vertue in you sir; but heele be heere  
at dinner. Maister Ballance, what makes you so strange?  
Come, you're welcome: what's the Newes?

Ball. Why sir, the old Newes; your man Francis royots still;  
And little hope of thrift there is in him;  
Therefore I come to advise your Worshipp,  
To take some order whilst there's something left,  
The better part of his best Ware's consum'd.

Lyo. Speake softly Maister Ballance.  
But is there no hope of his recoverie?

Ball. None at all sir; for hees already layd to be arrested by  
some that I know.

Lyo. Well, I doe suffer for him, and am loath:  
Indeed to doe; what I am constrain'd to doe:  
Well sir, I meane to ceaze on what is left.  
And harke you one word more.

Lyo. What haynous sinne has yonder man committed,  
To haue so great a punishment, as waite  
vpon the humors of an idle Foole:  
A very proper Fellow, good Legge, good Face,  
A Body well proportioned: but his minde  
Bewrayes he never came of Generous kinde.

Enter Will Raff and Geraldine.

Lyo. Goe to, no more of this at this time.  
What sir, are you com.

Raff. Yes sir, and haue made bold to bring a Guest along.

Lyo. Maister Geraldines sonne of Essex?

Ger. The same sir.

Lyo. Ye're welcom sir; when wil your Father be in towne?

Ger. I'will not be long, sir.

Lyo. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Ger. I thanke you sir.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyo. In the meane time you're welcome; pray be not strange,  
Ile leaue my Sonne amongst you Gentlemen,  
I haue some busines : harke you M. Ballance,  
Dinner will soone be readie; one word more. *Exit Lyo. & Bal.*

Rash. And how does my little Asinus and his Tu quoque here?  
Oh you pretty sweet-sac'd rogues, that for your countenances  
might be Alexander and Lodricke : What sayes the old man to  
you? wil't be a match? shall wee call Brothers?

Scatt. Ifayth with all my heart; if Mis'ris Gartred will,  
wee will be married to morrow.

Bub. S tott, if Mis'ris Joyce will, wee'le be married to night.

Rash. Why you courageous Boyes, and worthy Wenches,  
made out of Waxe. But what shall's doe when wee haue  
dinde, shall's goe see a Play?

Scatt. Yestayth Brother : if it please you, let's goe see  
a Play at the Gloabe.

Bub. I care not; any whither, so the Clowne haue a part:  
For Ifayth I am no body without a Foole.

Ger. Why then wee'le goe to the Red Bull; they say Green's  
a good Clowne.

Bub. Greene? Greene's an Aste.

Scatt. Wherefore doe you say so?

Bub. Indeed I ha no reason : for they say, hee is as like mee  
as euer hee can looke.

Scatt. Well then, to the Bull.

Rash. A good resolution, continue it: nay on?

Bub. Not before the Gentlewomen; not I neuer.

Rash. O while you liue, men before women :  
Custome hath plac'd it so.

Bub. Why then Custome is not so mannerly, as I would be.

Rash. Farewell M. Scatter-good: Come Louer, you're too  
busie heere, I must tutor yee : Cast not your eye at the table on  
each other, my Father will spie you without Spectacles,  
Hee is a shrewd obseruer: doe you heare mee?

Ger. Very well sir.

Rash. Come then go wee togeather, let the Wenches alone.

Doc





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Doe you see yonder fellow?

Ger. Yes : prethee what is hee?

Rash. Ile give you him within, he must not now be thought  
on : but you shall know him.

Exit Rash. & Gerald.

Garr. I have obseru'd my sister, and her eye  
Is much inquisitiue after yond fellow ;  
Shee has examin'd him from head to foot :  
Ile stay and see the issue.

Joy. To wrastle gainst the streme of our Affection,  
Is to strike Ayre, or buffet with the Winde,  
That playes vpon vs : I haue striu'd to cast  
This fellow from my thoughts, but still he growes  
More comely in my sight ; yet a slauie  
Vnto one worse condition'd then a Slauie :  
They are all gone, heer's none but hee, and I,  
Now I will speake to him : and yet I will not.  
Oh ! I wrong my selfe, I will supprese  
That insurrection *Lone* hath traïnd in mee,  
And leaue him as he is : once my bold spirits  
Had vowed to vter all my thoughts to him  
On whom I settled my affection :  
And why retrayes it now ?

Sra. Fight *Lone* on both sides ; for on mee thou strik'st  
Strokes that hath beat my heart into a flame :  
She hath sent amorous glaunces from her eye :  
Which I haue backe returnd as faythfully.  
I would make to her, but these lervile Roabes,  
Curbes that suggestion, till some fitter time  
Shall bring mee more perswadingly vnto her.

Joy. I wonder why he stayes ; I feare hee notes mee,  
For I haue publicquely betrayde my selfe,  
By too much gazing on him : I will leaue him.

Garr. But you shall not ; Ile make you speake to him  
Before you goe. Doe you heare sir ?

Joy. What meane you sister ?

Garr. To shew you in your kind, sister : doe you remember

How

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

How you once tyranizd over mee?

Joy. Nay prethee leue this iesling,  
I am out of the vaine.

Gart. I, but I am in ; goe speake to your Louer.

Joy. He first be buried quicke.

Gart. How ashamed? S'fott I tro, if I had set my affection  
on a Collier, Ide nere fall-backe, vnlesle it were in the right  
kind : if I did, let mee be tyed to a Stake, and burnt to death  
with Charcole.

Joy. Nay then wee shall hate.

Gart. Yes marry shall you. Sister, will you speake to him:

Joy. No.

Gart. Doe you heare sir ? heer's a Gentlewoman would  
speake with you.

Joy. Why Sister, I pray Sister.

Gart. One that loues you with all her heart,  
Yet is ashamed to confess it.

Sra. Did you call, Ladys?

Joy. No sir, heer's no one cald.

Gart. Yes sir twas I, I cald to speake with you.

Joy. My Sister's somewhat frantique ; there's no regard to  
be had vnto her clamors : Will you yet leauue?

In sayth you're anger mee.

Gart. Passion : Come backe foole louer, turne againe and  
kisse your belly full, heer's one will stand yee.

Sra. What does this meane to me?

Joy. Yes, is your humor spent?

Gart. Come let me goe, Birds that want the vse of  
Reason and of Speech, can couple together in one day ;  
And yet you that haue both, cannot conclude in twentie:  
now Sister I am even with you, my venome is spit, (mine :  
As much happiness may you enjoy with your louer as I with  
And droope not wench, nor neuer be ashamed of him,  
The man will scru the turne, though he be wrapt  
In a blew Coate, He warrant him, come.

Joy. You're merrily disposed, Sister.

Exit Wenches.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sra. I needs must prosper; Fortune & Loue worke for mee:  
Be moderate my loyes; for as you grow to your full height,  
Se Bubbles waxeth low. Exit.

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, and Ticklemore.

Tick. Will my sweete Spendall be gone then?

Spend. I must ypon promise; but Ile be heere at supper:  
Therefore Mistris Sweatman, provide vs some good cheare.

Sweat. The best the Market will yeeld.

Spend. Heer's twentie shillings; I protest I haue left my selfe  
but a Crowne, for my spending mony: for indeed I intende to  
be frugall, and turne good husband.

Tick. I marry will you, you're to play againe, & loose your  
Monie and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to thinks  
on it: how if you had been kild in the quarrell, of my fayth  
I had been but a dead woman.

Spen. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.

Tick. Dissemble? do not you say so; for if you doe,  
Gods my judge Ile give my selfe a gash.

Spend. Away, away, prethee no more: farewell.

Tick. Nay busle first: Well,  
There's no aduersitie in the world shall part vs.

Enter Sergians.

Spend. Thou art a louing Rascall; farewell.

Sweat. You will not sayle supper?

Spend. You haue my word; farewell.

1.Ser. Sir, wee arrest you.

Spend. Arrest mee, at whose suite?

2.Ser. Marry there's suites enough against you,  
Ile warrant you.

1.Ser. Come, away with him.

Spend. Stay, heare mee a word.

2.Ser. What doe you say?

Exit.

# Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Purssnet.

Tick. How now Purssnet, why com'st in such haste?

Purss. Shut vp your doores, and barre young Spendall out,  
And let him be cashiard your companie,  
He is turnd Banquerout, his wares are ceazd on,  
And his shop shut vp.

Tick. How, his wares ceazd on? thou dost but iest, I hope.

Purss. What ellis tongue doth report, these eyes haue seene,  
It is no Esopfable that I tell,  
But it is true, as I am saythfull Pander.

Sweat. Nay I did euer thinke the prodigall would prove  
A Banquerout, but hang him, lethe him rot.  
In prison, he comes no more within these doores  
I warrant him.

Tick. Come hither, I wold he wold but offer it,  
Weele set him out with a pox to him.

Spend. Will you doe it,  
To cart me to prison, but vnde doest me? (lings.)

1. Sar. What say you fellow Grippe, shall we take his 40 shillings.

2. Sar. Yes sayth, we shall haue him againe within this weeke.

1. Sar. Well Sir, your 40 shillings; and weele haue some compassion on you.

Spend. Will you but walke with me vnto that house,  
And there you shall receaue it.

Sar. What, where the women are?

Spend. Yes sirtoward, haue you receaued off?

Sweat. Looke yonder, if the vngentious fassall be not coming hither,  
Betwixt two Sargeantes: he thinkes belike, he wold haue you ouer him,  
That weelee relieve him; leevs goe in, and see if he be lame,  
And clap the doore against him.

Purss. It is the best course Mistres Ticklemane to indeue.

Tick. But I say no, you shall for there a foote, now  
For I will talke with him,

Spend. Nan, I am come  
Even ia the Minute that thou didst professe

Kind-





## Greenes Tu quoque.

Kindnesse vnto mee, to make tryall of it,  
Aduersitie thou Sees layes hands vpon mee,  
But Fortie shilling's will deliuere mee,

Tick. Why you Impudent Rogue, do you come to me for  
Money?

Or do I know you? what acquaintance pray,  
Hath euer past betwixt your selfe and mee?

Sar. Zounds do you mocke vs, to bring vs to these women  
that do not know you?

Sweat. Yes in good Sooth, (Officers I take't you're)  
Hee's a meere stranger heere; onely in chariti,  
Sometimes we haue relieved him with a meale.

Spend. This is not earnest in you? Come, I know  
My giuestes and bountie, cannot be soone buried:  
Goe prethee fetch Fourtie shillings?

Tick. Take not so mire (you slave) of Fourtie shillings.  
For by this light that shines, aske it againe,  
Ile send my Knife of an eare and in your Giuestes

A shamelesse Roge to come to mee for Money.

Sweat. Is he your Prisoner, Gentleman?

Sar. Yes marly is hee alwaies holding and neare vs.

Sweat. Pray carey him then to Prison; let him haue fortie  
Perhaps twill tame the wildnesse of his youth, i gudly  
And teach him how to lead a better life.

Hee had good counsell heere, I can assure you,

And if a woulde a roote it too vnde i�ing and leaue vs

Purss. I told him stulck thy selfe, what woulde infew.

Spend. Furies breaks loose in mee: Sargeants, let me goe, Ile  
giue you all I haue, to purchase freedoms but for a lighning  
while, to teare yond Whore, Baud, Pander; and in them, the  
Diuell: for there's his Hell, his habitation; nor has hee any  
other locall place.

Takes Spendys Cloake.

Sar. No fit, weel take no Bribes.

Spend. Honest Sargeants, giue me leaues to vnlaide  
A heart ore-charg'd with griefe; as I haue a soule,  
Ile not breake from you.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Thou Strumpet, that wert borne to ruine men,  
My fame, and fortune : be subiect to my Curse,  
And heare mee speake it : Mayst thou in thy youth,  
Feele the sharpe Whipple ; and in thy Beldame age,  
The Cart : when thou art growne to bee  
An old Vpholster vnto Venerie,  
(A Bawd i meane, to liue by Fether-beds,)  
Mayst thou be driven to sell all thou hast  
Vnto thy Aqua vite Botte, that's the last  
A Bawd will part withall; and liue so poore,  
That being turnd forth thy house, mayst die at doore.

Ser. Come sir, ha you done?  
Spend. A little further giue mee leaue, I pray,  
I haue a charitable Prayer to end with.

May the French Canniball eat into thy flesh,  
And picketh thy bones so cleane, that the report  
Of thy Calamitie, may draw before  
Of all the common Sinners in the towne,  
To see thy mangled Carcasse : and that then,  
They may vpon t, turne honest Bawd, say Amen.  
Exit.  
Sweat. Out vpon him wicked villaine, how he bispheamest,  
Purif. Hee will be daton'd for turning Heretique.  
Tick. Hang him Babquerout rascall, let him talke in Prison,  
The whilst weele spend his Goods : for I did neuer  
Heare, that men tooke example by each other.

Sweat. Well, if men did rightly consider't, they should find,  
That Whores and Bawdes are profitable members  
In a Common-wealthe : for indeed, tho wee somewhat  
Impaire their Bodycs, yet wee doe good to their Soules;  
For I am sure, wee still bring them to Repentance.  
Purif. By Dis, and so wee doe.  
Sweat. Come, come, will you Dis before : thou art one of  
them, that I warrant thee, wilt be hangdy, before thou wilt  
repent.  
Exit.





# Greenes Tu quoque.

Enter Raff Stayns and Gendline

Raff. Well this Loue is a troublesome thing, Jupiter blesse mee out of his fingers : ther's no estate can rest for him: Hee runnes through all Countries, will trauell through the Ile of Man in a minut; but neuer is quiet till hee come into Middle-sex, and there keepeſ his Christmas; Tis his habitation, his manſion, from whence heele never out, till hee be fierd.

Ger. Well, do not tyranize too much, least one day he make you know his Deitie, by ſending a shaft out of a sparkling eye, ſhall ſtrike ſo deepe into your heart, that it ſhall make you fetch your breath ſhort againe.

Raff. And make mee cry, O eyes no eyes, but two celeſtiall Starres! A pox ont, Ide as leue heare a fellow ſing througħ the noſe. How now Wench?

Enter Gartred.

Gart. Keepe your ſtation; you ſtand as well for the incounter as may be: Shee is comming on; but as melancholy, as a Base-vyoll in Conſort.

Raff. Which makes thee as Sprightly as the Treble. Now doſt thou play thy prize: heer's the honorable Sciente one againſt another: Doe you heare Louer, the thing is done you wot off; you ſhall haue your Wench alone, without any disturbance: now if you can doe any good, why ſo, the Siluer Game be yours, weele ſtand by and giue ayme, and hallow if you hit the Clout.

Sra. Tis all the aſſiſtance I requeſt of you, Bring mee but opportunatly to her preſence, And I deſire no more: and if I cannot wiñ her, Let mee looſe her.

Gart. Well ſir, let me tell you, perhaps you yndertake A harder taske then yet you doe imagine.

Sra. A taske, what to wiñ a Woman, & haue opportunity? I would that were a taske iſayth, for any man that weares his wittes about him: giue mee but halfe an houres

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Conference with the coldest creature of them all,  
And if I bring her not into a foole's Paradice,  
Ile pul out my tongue, & hang it at her doore for a draw-latch.  
Vdssoot, I'de never stand thrumming of Caps for the matter,  
Ile quickly make tryall of her if shee loue:  
To haue her Beautie pray'd, Ile prayse it: if her Witte,  
Ile commende it: if her good parts, Ile exalt them.  
No course shall scape me; for to what souuer I saw her inclind  
too, to that would I fit her.

*Rash.* But you must not doe thus to her, for shee's a subtile  
flouting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you  
solicit her curiously: No, talke me to her wantonly, lightly &  
carelesly, and perhaps so you may preuaile as much with her,  
as wind does with a Saylor, carry her whither thou wilt, Bully.

*Enter Joyce.*

*Ste.* Well sir, Ile follow your instruction.

*Rash.* Do so. And see shee appears; fall you two off from vs,  
Let vs two walke togethaer.

*Joy.* Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,  
And let him downe so easie to my heart;  
Where like a Conquerour he ceases on it,  
And beates all other men out of my Bossome?

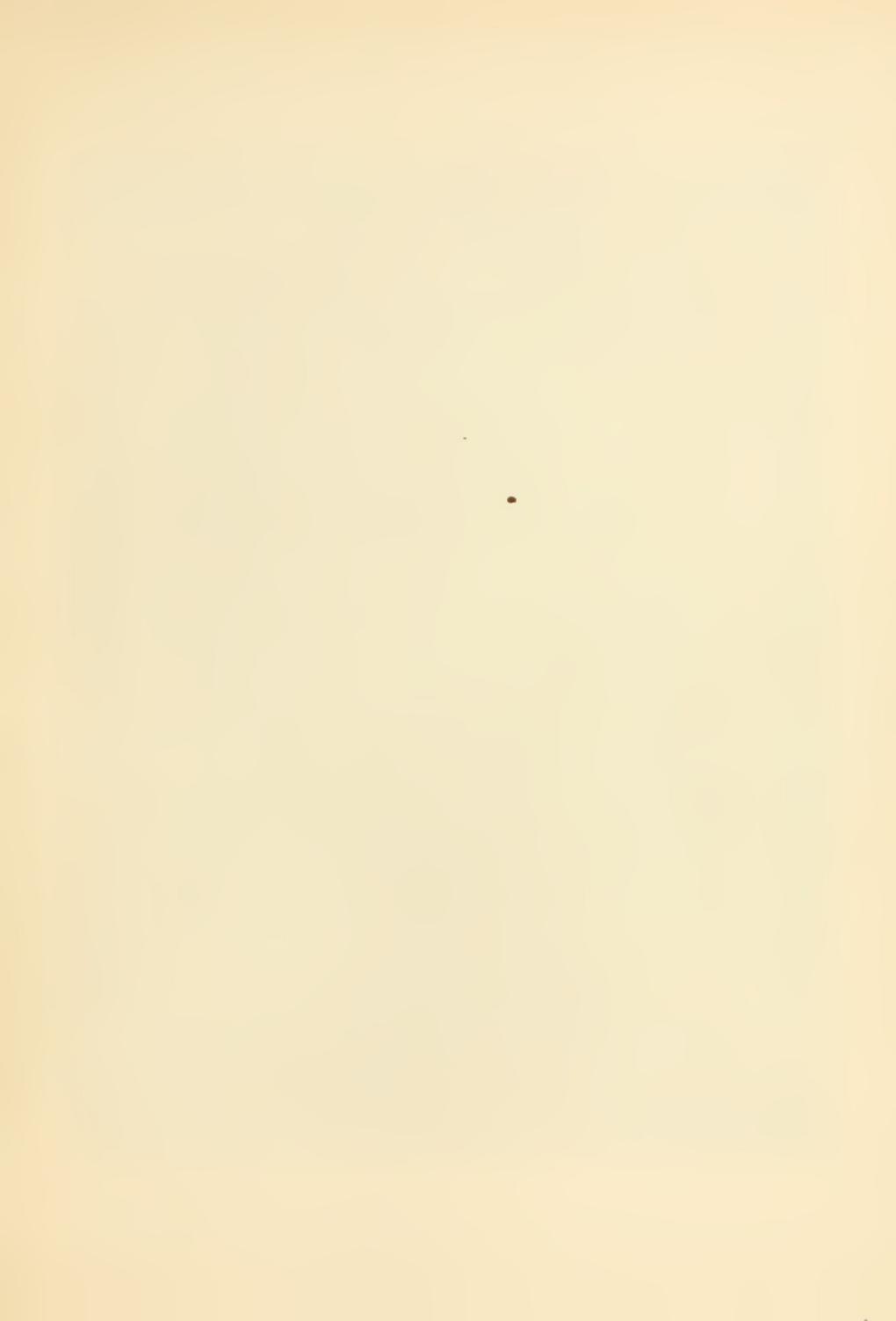
*Rash.* Sister, you're well met,  
Heer's a Gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

*Joy.* See, the Seruvingman is turnd a Gentleman,  
That villanous Wench my Sister has no mercy,  
Shee and my Brother has conspired together to play vpon me;  
But Ile preuent their sport: for rather then my tongue shall  
haue scope to speake matter to give them mirth, my heart shall  
breake.

*Rash.* You haue your desire sir, Ile leauue you;  
Grapple with her as you can.

*Sat.* Lady, God saue you. She turns backe vpon the motio,  
Ther's no good to be done by braying for her, I see that;  
I must plunge into a passion: now for a peece of *Heros* and  
*Leander*: t'were excellent; and prayse be to my memorie;

It





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

It has reaht halfe a dozen lines for the purpose:  
Well, shee shall haue them.

One is no Number; Maydes are nothing then  
Without the sweete societie of Men.  
Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou bee,  
Though never singling *Hymen* couple thee.  
Wild Sauages that drinke of running Springs,  
Thinke Water farre excells all other thing.  
They that dayly taste neat Wine, despise it.  
Virginitie albeit some highly prize it,  
Compard with Marriage, had you tryde them both,  
Differs as much, as Wine and Water doth. No?  
Why then haue at you in another kind.

By the fayth of a Souldier (Lady) I doe reverence the  
ground that you walke vpon: I will fight with him that  
dares say you are not faire: Stabbe him that will not pledge  
you health; and with a Dagger pierce a Vaine, to drinke a  
full health to you; but it shall be on this condition, that you  
shall speake first.

Vdi-foot, if I could but gether to talke once, halfe my labour  
were ouer: but Ile try her in an other vaine.

What an excellent creature is a Woman without a tongue?  
But what a more excellent creature is a Woman that has a  
tongue, and can hold her peace? But how much more ex-  
cellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that  
Woman to his wife? This cannot choose but madde her;  
And if any thing make a Woman talke, tis this. It will not doe  
tho yet. I pray God they haue not guld mee:  
But Ile try once againe.

When will that tongue take libertie to talke?  
Speake but one word, and I am satisfied:  
Or doe but say but *Mum*, and I am answerd:  
No sound? no accent? Is there no noyse in Woman?  
Nay then without direction I ha don.  
I must goe call for helpe.  
Rab. How, not speake?

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Not a sillabe, night nor sleepe, is not more silent:  
Shee's as dumbe as Westminster Hall, in the long vacation.

Rash. Well, and what would you haue mee doe?

Sta. Why, make her speake.

Rash. And what then?

Sta. Why, let mee alone with her.

Rash. I, so you sayd before, Giue you but opportunitie,  
And let you alone, you'd desire no more; but come,  
Ile try my cunning for you: See what I can doe.  
How doe you Sister, I am sorry to heare you are not well,  
This Gent. tels mee you haue lost your tongue, I dray lets see?  
If you can b' make signes whereabout you lost it, (pale,  
Weele goe & looke for't: in good fayth Sister, you looke very  
In my conscience tis for griefe; will you haue  
Any comfortable Drinkes sent for, this is not the way;  
Come walke, seeme earnest in discourse, cast not an eye  
Towards her, and you shall see weaknesse worke it selfe.

Joy. My heart is swolne so big, that it must vent,  
Or it will burst: Are you a Brother?

Rash. Looke to your selfe Sir,  
The Brazen head has spoke, and I must leauy you;

Joy. Has shame that power in him to make him fly:  
And dare you be so impudent to stand  
Just in the face of my incensed anger?  
What are you? why doe you stay? who sent for you?  
You were in Garments yesterday, besittynge  
A fellow of your fashion; has a Crowne  
Purchast that shyning Sattin of the Brokers?  
Or ist a cast Suite of your goodly Maisters.

Sta. A Cast suite, Lady?

Joy. You thinke it does become you; fayth it does not,  
A Blew Coat with a Badge, does better with you.  
Goe vntrusse your Maisters Poynts, and doe not dare  
To stop your Nose when as his Worship stinkes:  
Ta's been your breeding.

Sta. Vds'lfe, this is excellent: now she talkes.





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Joy. Nay, were you a Gentleman; and which is more;  
Well Landed, I should hardly loue you:  
For, for your Face, I never saw a worse,  
It lookes as ift were drawne with yellow Oacker  
Vpon blacke Buckram; and that Haire  
Thats on your Chin, lookes not like Beard,  
But as it had been sineard with Shoomakers Wax.

Stra. Vdsfoot, sheele make mee out of loue with my selfe.

Joy. How dares your Basenes once a spyre vato  
So high a fortune, as to reach at mee:  
Becau'e you haue heard, that some haue run away  
With Butlers, Horskeepers, and their fathers Clearks;  
You forsooth, cockerd with your owne suggestion,  
Take heart vpon't, and thinke mee; (that am meate,  
And set vp for your Maister) fit for you.

Stra. I wold I could get her now to hold her tongue.

Joy. Of cause, some times as I haue past along,  
And haue returnd a Curtie for your Hatt;  
You(as the common trickes is) straight suppose,  
Tis Loue. (surreuerenc, which makes the word more beastly.)

Stra. VVhy, tis worse then scilence.  
Joy. But wee are fooles, and in our reputacions  
VVe find the hauant on't:  
Kindnesse, is rearmed Lightnesse, in our sex:  
And when we giue a Fauour, or a Kisse,  
VVee giue our Good names too.

Stra. VVill you be dumbe againe.

Joy. Men you are cald, but you're a viperous brood,  
VVhom we in chariti take into our bosomes,  
And cherishe with our heart: for which, you sting vs.

Stra. Vdsfoot; Ile fetch him that waked your tosse,  
To lay it downe againe.

Rash. VVhy, how now man?

Stra. O relue mee, or I shall loose my hearing,  
You haue raysde a Furie vp into her tongue,  
A Parliament of wemen could not make

Such

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Such a Confused noyse as that she vters.

Raf. Well, what would you haue mee do?

Sra. Why make her hold her tongue.

Raf. And what then?

Sra. Why then let me alone againe.

Raf. This si very good I sayth, first giue thee but oppertunitie, and let thee alone ; then make her but Speake, and let Thee alone : now make her hold her tonge, and then Let her alone : By my torth I thinke I were best to let Thee alone indeed ; but come, follow mee,  
The wild Catt shall not Carry it so away.

Walke, walke, as we did.

Joy. What haue you fetcht your Champion? what can he do?  
Not haue you, nor himselfe from out the storme  
Of my incensed rage; I will thunder into your cares,  
The wrongs that you haue done an innocent Mayde,  
Oh you're a cupple of sweete : What shall I call you?  
Men you are not ; for if you were,  
You would not offer this vnto a Mayde.  
Wherein haue I deserved it at your handes ? Haue I not been  
alwayes a kind Sister to you, & in signes & tokenes shewed it?  
Did I not send Monys to you at Cambridge when you were  
but a Freshman, wrought you Purles and Bandes, and since  
you came to th' Inn's a Court, a faire payre of Hangers ? Haue  
you not taken Rings from mee, which I haue been faine to say-  
I haue lost, when you had paund them : and yet was never be-  
holding to you for a payre of Gloucester.

Raf. A Womans tongue I see, is like a Bell,  
That once being set a going, goes it selfe.

Joy. And yet you to joyne with my sister against mee:  
Send one heere to play vpon mee, whilst you laugh and leere,  
And make a pastime on mee : is this Brotherly done?  
No it is Barberous, & a Turk would blush to offer it to a Chri-  
stian : but I will thinke on't, and haue it written in my heart,  
when it hath slipt your memories.

Raf. When will your tongue be wearie?

107.





## Greenes Tu quoque.

Joy. Neuer.

Rash. How, neuer? Come talke, and Ile talke with you,  
Ile try the nimble footmauship of your tongue;  
And if you can out-talke mee, yours be the victorie.

Heere they two talke and rayle what they list,  
then Rash speakes to Stayns.

All speake. Vds'foot, doſt thou stand by, and doe nothing?  
Come talke, and drownē her clamors.

Heere they all three talke, and Joyce giues  
ouer weeping, and Exit.

Gerald. Alas, ſhee ſpent yſayth: now the ſtormes ouer.

Rash. Vds'foot, Ile follow her as long as I haue any breath.

Gart. Nay no more now Brother, you haue no compassion,  
You ſee ſhee cryes.

Sia. If I do not wonder ſhe could talke ſo long, I am a vil-  
She eats no Nuts I warrant her: ſfoot, I am almost out of breath  
VVith that little I talkt: well Gent. Brothers I might ſay,  
For ſhee and I muſt clap hands vpon't: a match for all this.  
Pray goe in; and Sister, ſalue the matter, colloquie with her  
Againe, and all ſhall be well: I haue a little buſineſſe  
That muſt be thought vpon, and tis partlie for your mirth:  
Therefore let mee not (tho absent) be forgotten:

Farewell.

Rash. VVe will be mindfull of you ſir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man, what tyrd, tyerd?

Rash. Zounds, and you had talkt as much as I did, you  
would be tyrd I warrant: What, is ſhee gone in? Ile to her a-  
gaine whilſt my tongue is warme: and if I thought I ſhould  
be vſde to this exerciſe I woulſt eate every morning an ounce  
of Lickeriſh.

Exit.

Enter Lodge the maister of the Prison,  
and Lock-faſt his man.

Lodge. Haue you ſumnd vp thole Reckonings?

Hold. Yes Sir.

Lodg. And what is owing mee?

Hold. Thirtieſeven pound odd monie.

Lodg.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lodg. How much owes the Frenchman?

Hold. A fourights Commons.

Lodg. Has Spendall aniemonies?

Hold. Not any sir: and he has sold all his Cloaths.

Enter Spendall.

Lodg. That fellow would wast Millions, if he had them;  
Whilst he has Monie, no man spends a pennie:  
Aske him monie, and if he say he has none,  
Be plaine with him, and turne him out o'th Ward. *Exit Lodg.*

Hold. I will sir. Maister Spendall,  
My Maister has sent to you for monie,  
Spend. Monie, why does he send to mee? does he think  
I haue the Philosophers Stones, or I can clip or coynce?  
How does he thinke I can come by monie?

Hold. Fayth sir, his occasions are so great, that hee must  
haue monie, or else he can buy no Victuals.

Spend. Then we must starue, belike: Vdsfoot thou seest  
I haue nothing left, that will yeeld mee two shillings.

Hold. If you haue no monie,  
You're best remoue into some cheaper Ward.

Spend. What Ward should I remoue int'

Hold. Why to the Two-pennie Ward, is likeliest to hold out  
with your meanes: or if you will, you may goe into the Holl,  
and there y our may feed for nothing.

Spend. I out of the Almes-basket, where Charitie appeares  
Inlikenesse of a peece of stinking Fish;

Such as they beat Bawdes with when they are Carted.

Hold. Why sir, doe not scorne it, as good men as your selfe,  
Haue been glad to eate Scraps out of the Almsbasket.

Spend. And yet slauie, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose,  
Scrue and make faces, talke contemptibly of it,  
and of the feeders; surely groome.

Hold. Well sir, your malapertnes will gey you nothing.  
*Enter Fox.*

Fox. Heere. *Enter Fox.* Hold





## Greenes Tu quoque.

Hold. A prisoner to the Holl, take charge of him, and vs  
him as securily as thou canst: you shall be taught your duetie  
sir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence slauish tyrants, instruments of torture,  
There is more kindnesse yet in Whores, then you,  
For when a man hath spent all, hee may goe  
And seeke his way, theyle kicke him out of dores;  
Not keepe him in as you doe, and inforce him  
To be the subiect of their crueltie.  
You haue no mercie; but be this your comfort,  
The punishment and torturs which you doe  
Inflict on men, the Diuels shall on you.

Hold. Well sir, you may talke, but you shall see the end,  
And who shall haue the worst of it. Exit Lock.

Spend. Why villaine, I shall haue the worst, I know it,  
And am prepared to suffer like a Stoicke,  
Or else (to speake more properly) like a Stocke;  
For I haue no sense left: dost thou thinke I haue?

Fox. Zounds, I thinke hee's madde?

Spend. Why, thou art i'th right; for I am madde indeed,  
And haue been madde this two yeares. Dost thou thinke  
I could haue spent so much as I haue done  
In wares and credite, had I not been madde?  
Why thou must know, I had a faire estate,  
Which through my ryot, I haue torned in peeces,  
And scattered amongst Bawdes, Buffoons, and Whores,  
That fawnd on mee, and by their flatteries,  
Rockt all my vnderstanding faculties  
Into a pleasant slumber; where I dreame  
Of nought but ioy and pleasure: neuer felt  
How I was lul'd in sensualitie,  
Vntill at last, Affliction waked mee:  
And lighting vp the Taper of my soule,  
Led mee vnto my selfe; where I might see  
A minde and body rent with Miseric.

Prif. Harry Fox, Harry Eox. Fox. Who calles?

A Prisoner with his.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Prisoners.

Prif. Heer's the Bread and Meate-man come.

Fox. Well, the Bread and Meate-man, may stay a little.

Prif. Yes indeed Harry, the Bread and Meat-man, may stay:  
But you know our stomacks cannot stay.

Enter Gather scrap with the Basket.

Fox. Indeed your Stomacke is alwayes first vp.

Prif. And therefore by right, should be firs serued: I haue  
a stomacke like *Aqua fortis*, it will eate any thing:  
O father Gather scrap, here are excellent bits in the Basket.

Fox. Will you hold your Chops further; by and by youle  
driuell into the Basket?

Prif. Perhaps it may doe some good; for there may be a  
peecce of powderd Beefe that wants watering.

Fox. Heere sir, heer's your share.

Prif. Heer's a bit indeed: what's this to a *Gargantua* stomacke?

Fox. Thou art euer grumbling.

Prif. Zounds, it would make a Dogge grumble, to want his  
Viftuals: I pray giue *Spendall* none, hee came into th' Holl but  
yester-night.

Fox. What, doe you refuse it?

Spend. I cannot eate, I thanke you.

Prif. No, no, giue it mee; hee's not yet season'd for our  
companie.

Fox. Deuide it then amongst you. *Exit Fox & Prisoners.*

Spend. To such a one as these are, must I come,  
Hunger will draw mee into their fellowship,  
To fight and scramble for vnsauerie Scraps,  
That come from vnowne hands, perhaps vnwasht:  
And would that were the worst; for I haue noted,  
That nought goes to the Prisoners, but such food  
As either by the weather has been taintred,  
Or Children, nay sometimes full paunched Dogges,  
Haue ouerlickt, as if men had determin'd  
That the worst Sustenance, which is Gods Creatures,  
How euer they're abusid, are good enough

For





## *Greenes Tu Quoque.*

For such vild Creatures as abuse themselues.  
O what a Slauē was I vnto my Pleasures?  
How drownd in Sinne, and ouerwhelmd in Lust?  
That I could write my repentance to the world,  
And force th'impression of it in the hearts  
Of yōu, and my acquaintance, I might teach them  
By my example, to looke home to Thrift,  
And not to range abroad to seekē out Ruine:  
Experience shewes, his Purse shall soone grow light,  
Whom Dice wastes in the day, Drabs in the night:  
Let all auoyde false Strumpets, Dice, and Drinke;  
For hee that leaps in Muddle, shall quickly sinke.

*Enter Fox and Longfield.*

*Fox.* Yonder's the man.

*Long.* I thanke you.

How is it with you, sir? What on the ground?

Looke vp, there's comfort towards you.

*Spend.* Belike some charitable Friend has sent a Shilling,  
What is your Businesse?

*Long.* Libertie.

*Spend.* There's vertue in that word; Ile rise vp to you.  
Pray let mee heare that chearefull word againe.

*Long.* The able, and wel-minded Widdow Rāysby,  
Whose hand is still vpon the poore mans Box,  
Hath in her Charitie remembred you:  
And beeing by your Maister seconded,  
Hath taken order with your Creditors  
For day, and payment; and freely from her Purse,  
By mee her Deputie, shee hath dischargd  
All Duties in the House: Besides, to your necessities,  
This is bequeathd, to furnish you with Cloaths.

*Spend.* Speake you this seriously?

*Long.* Tis not my practise to mocke Miseric.

*Spend.* Be ever prayfed that Deuinitie,  
That has to my oppressed state raysd Friends:

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

It'll be his blessings powred vpon their heads :  
Your hand, I pray,  
That have so faythfully performd their wiles :  
If ere my industrie, joynd with their loues,  
Shall rayse mee to a competent estate,  
Your name shall euer be to mee a friend.

Long. In your good wishes, you requite mee amply.

Spend. All Fees, you say, are payd & there's for your loue.

Fox. I thanke you sir, and glad you are releast. Exeit.

: Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How Apparell makes a man respested; the very chil-  
dren in the streete do adore mee : for if a Boy that is throwing  
at his lacle-alent chaunce to hit mee on the shinnes : Why I  
say nothing but, *Tu quoque*, smile, and forgiue the Child with  
a becke of my hand, or some such like token : so by that  
meanes, I do seldom goe without broken shinnes.

Enter Stains like an Italian:

Sta. The blessings of your Mistres fall vpon you,  
And may the heat and spirit of Hee-lip,  
Endue her with matter abouer her vnderstanding,  
That she may on'y lue to admire you, or as the *Italian* sayes,  
*Quo que dell' fogor*. Given Coxcombe.

Bub. I doe wonder what language he speakes,  
Doe you heare my friend, are not you a Coniurer?

Sta. I am sir, a perfe<sup>c</sup>t Traueler, that haue trampled ouer  
The face of this vneuerl<sup>d</sup>. and can speake Greec<sup>e</sup> and  
Larme<sup>e</sup> as promptly, as my owne naturall Language :  
I haue compold a Booke, wherein I haue set downe  
All the Wonders of the world that I haue seene,  
And the whole scope of my lornies, to gether with the  
Miseries and lowlie fortunes I haue endured therein,

Bub. O Lord Sir, are you the man ; give me your hand :  
How doe yee : in good fayth I thinkc I haue heard of you.

Sta. No Sir, yo'uncuer heard of mee, I set this day footing  
Vpon





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Vpon the Wharffe, I came in with the last peale of Ordinance,  
And dind this day in the Exchange amongst the Marchants.  
But this is fruicous and from the matter : you doe seeme  
To be one of our Gentlell spirrits that doe affect Generositie:  
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, Garb, and habit,  
Of the most exactest Nation in the world, the Italian:  
Whose Language is sweetest, Cloaths neatest, and hauour  
Most accomplitsh: I am one that haue spent much monie,  
And time, which to me is more deare then monie, in the  
Obseruation of these things : and now I am come,  
I will sit me downe and rest, and make no doubt,  
But by qualitie, to purchase and build, by professing this Art,  
Or humane Science (as I may tearme it,) to such Honorable  
And Worshipfull personages as meane to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers endes :  
But harke you sir, is your *Italian* the finest Gentleman?

Sta. In the world *Signore*, your *Spaniard* is a meere *Bumbard*  
to him : hee will bounce indeed ; but hee will burst : But your  
*Italian* is smooth and lofie, and his language is, Cozen germane  
to the *Larine*.

Bub. Why then hee has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Sta. Yes sir, for it is an *Italian* word as well as a *Latine*,  
And infoldes a double sence : for one way spoken,  
It includes a fine Gentleman like your selfe ;  
And another way, it imports an *Aſſe*, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man *Iarus* were heere, for hee vnder-  
stands these thinges betterthen I. You will not serue?

Sta. Serue, no sir, I haue talkt with the great *Sophy*.

Bub. I pary sir, whats the lowest price of being *Italianated*?

Sta. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty :  
And marke me, I will set your face like a Grand *signore*,  
And you shall march a whole day, vntill you come oþounctly  
to your Mistirs,

And not distancke one hayre of your phisnomie.

Bub. I would you would doe it Sir, if you will stand to my  
Bounty, I will pay you, as I am an *Italian tu quoque*.

Sta.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Sta.* Then sir, I will first disburthen you of your Cloake,  
You will be the nimbler to practise: Now sir, obserue mee,  
Goe you directly to the Lady to whom you devote your selfe.

*Bub.* Yes sir.

*Sta.* You shall set a good stay'd face vpon the matter then.  
Your Band is not to your Shirt, is it?

*Bub.* No sir, tis loose.

*Sta.* It is the fitter for my purpose.

I will first remoue your Hatte, it has been the fashion (as I  
haue heard) in England, to weare your Hatte thus in your eyes;  
But it is grotte, naught, inconuenient, and proclaymes with a  
loude voyce; that hee that brought it vp first, stood in feare of  
Sargiants. Your Italian is contrarie, hee doth aduance his  
Hatte, and sets it thus.

*Bub.* Excellent well: I would you would set on my head so.

*Sta.* Soft, I will first remoue your Band, and set it out of the  
reach of your eye; it must lie altogether backward: So, your  
Band is well.

*Bub.* Is it as you would haue it?

*Sta.* It is as I would wish; onely sir, this I must condition  
you off; in your afront or salute, neuer to moue your Hatte:  
But heere, heere is your curtesie.

*Bub.* Nay I warrant you, let mee alone; if I perceiue a thing  
once, Ile carrie it away: Now pray sir, reach my Cloake.

*Sta.* Neuer whilste you liue, sir.

*Bub.* No, what doe your Italian weare no Cloakes?

*Sta.* Your Signors neuer: you see I am vnsurpassed my selfe.

Enter Sir Eyo. Will Raby, Geraldine, Widdow,  
Gartred, and Joyce.

*Bub.* Sa'y so'prethee keepe it then. See, yonder's the com-  
panie that I looke for; therefore if you will set my face of any-  
fashion, pray doe it quickly?

*Sta.* You carry your face as well as eare an Italian in the  
world, onely enrich it with a Smyle, and tis incomparable;  
and thus much more, at your first apparace, you shall perhaps  
*strike*





## Greenes Tu quoque.

strike your acquaintance into an extasie, or perhaps a laugher : but tis ignorance in them, which will soone be ouercome, if you perseuer.

Bub. I will perseuer, I warrant thee ; onely doe thou stand aloofe and be not scene, because I would haue them thinke I fetcht it out of my owne practise.

Sra. Do not you feare, Ile not be scene, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Lyo. Now *Widdow*, you are welcomē to my house, And to your owne houle too; so you may call it: For what is mine, is yours : you may command heere, As at home, and be as soone obeyde.

Wid. May I deserue this kindnesse of you, sir?

Bub. Saeu you Gent. I salute you after the *Italian* fashion.

Rash. How, the *Italian* fashion? Zounds, he has drest him rarely

Lyo. My sonne *Bubble*, I take it?

Rash. The nether part of him I thinke is hee, But what the vpper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth hee's a rare fellow, he sayd true: They are all in an extasie.

Gart. I thinke hee's madde?

Joy. Nay, that can not bee; for they say, they that are madde, loose their wits: and I am sure he had none to loose.

## Enter Scattergood.

Lyo. How now sonne *Bubble*, how come you thus attyrd? What, do you meane to make your selfe a laughing flocke, ha?

Bub. Vm; Ignorance, ignorance.

Gert. For the loue of laughter, looke yonder, Another Hearing in the same pickle.

Rash. The other Hobby-horse I perceiue is not forgotten.

Bub. Ha,ha,ha,ha.

Scat. Ha,ha,ha,ha.

Bub. Who has made him such a Coxcombe troe? An *Italian* tu quoque.

Scat. I salute you according to the *Italian* fashion.

K.

Bub.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. Puh, the Italian fashion? the tattered-de-malian fashion  
hie meaneſ.

Scat. Sae you sweete bloods, saue you.

Lyo. Why but what ligge is this?

Scat. Nay if I know fathur, would I were hangd,  
I am e'nes as Innocent as the Child new borne.

Lyo. I but sonne Bubble, where did you two buy your Felts?

Scat. Felts? By this light, mine is a good Beauer:  
It cost mee three pound this morning vpon trust.

Lyo. Nay, I thinke you had it vpon trust: for no man that  
has any shame in him, would take mony for it; behold Sir.

Scat. Ha, ha, ha.

Lyo. Nay never doe you laugh, for you're i'th same blocke.

Bub. Is this the Italian fashion?

Scat. No, it is the Fooles fashion:  
And we two are the firſt that follow it.

Bub. Et tu quoque, are we both cozend:  
Then lets shew our ſelues brothers in aduerſtie, and imbrace.

Lyo. What was hee that cheated you?

Bub. Marry ſir, he was a Knaue that cheated mee.

Scat. And I thinke he was no honest man, that cheated mee,

Lyo. Doe you know him againe, if you ſee him?

Enter Stayne.

Bub. Yes I know him againe, if I ſee him:  
But I doe not know how I ſhould come to ſee him.

O Jarvis, Jarvis, doe you ſee vs two, Jarvis?

Sta. Yes ſir, very well.

Bub. No, you doe not ſee vs very well;  
For we haue been horribly abuſed:

Never were Englishmen ſo guld in Italian, as we haue been.

Sta. Why ſir, you haue not lost your Cloake and Hatte.

Bub. Jarvis you lie, I haue lost my Cloake and Hatte:  
And therefore you muſt vſe your credite for another.

Scat. I thinke my old Cloake and Hatte, muſt be glad to  
ſerve mee till next quarter day.

Lyo. Come, take no care for Cloakes, Ile furniſh you:

To





## Greenes Tu quoque.

To night you lodge with mee, to morrow morne  
Before the Sunne be vp, prepare for Church,  
The *Widow* and I haue so concluded on't:  
The Wenches vnderstand not yet so much,  
Nor shall not, vntill bedtime: then will they,  
Not sleepe a wincke all night, for very ioy,  
Scar. And Ile promise the next night;  
They shall not sleepe for ioy neither.

Lyo. O Maister Geraldine, I saw you not before:  
Your Father now is come to towne, I heare?

Ger. Yes Sir.

Lyo. Were not my busynesse earnest, I would see him:  
But pray intreat him breake an howers sleepe  
To morrow morne, t'accompanieme mee to Church;  
And come your selfe I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thanke you.

Lyo. But looke, heere comes one,  
That has but lately shooke off his Shackles:  
How now serra, wherefore comé you?

Spend. I come to craue a pardon sir, of you,  
And with heartie and zealous thankes  
Vnto this worthy Lady, that hath given mee  
More then I ere could hope for: Libertie.

Wid. Be thankfull vnto Heauen, and your Maister:  
Nor let your heart grow bigger then your Purse,  
But liue within a limit, least you burst out  
To Ryot, and to Miserie againe:  
For then t'would loose the benefite I meant it.

Lyo. O you doe graciously, tis good aduice:  
Let it take roote serra, let it take roote.  
But come *Widow* come, and see your Chamber,  
Nay your companie too, for I must speake with you.

Exit.

Spend. Tis bound vnto you Sir.

Bab. And I haue to talke with you too, Mistris Joyce:

K. 2.

Pray

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Pray a word.

*Ioy.* What would you, Sir?

*Bub.* Pray let me see your hand: the line of your Mayden-head is out. Now for your Fingers, vpon which Finger will you weare your wedding Ring?

*Ioy.* Vpon no Finger.

*Bub.* Then I perceiue you meant to weare it on your thumb. Well, the time is come sweet *Ioyce*, the time is come.

*Ioy.* What to doe, sir?

*Bub.* For mee to tickle thy *Tu quoque*; to doe the act of our forefathers: therefore prepare, prouide,

To morrow morne to meete mee as my Brde.

*Ioy.* Ile meete thee like a Ghost first.

*Gart.* How now, what matter haue you fift, out of that?

*Ioy.* Matter as poysning as Corruption, That will without some Antidote strike home Like blewe Infection to the very heart.

*Rash.* As how, for Gods sake?

*Ioy.* To morrow is the appoynted Wedding day.

*Gart.* The day of doomes it is?

*Ger.* T'would be a dismall day indeed to some of vs.

*Ioy.* Sir, I doe know you loue mee; and the time Will not be dallyed with: bee what you seeme, Or not the same: I am your Wife, your Mistris, Or your Servant; indeed what you will make mee: Let vs no longer wrangle with our Wittes, Or dally with our Fortunes; lead mee hence, And carry mee into a Wildernesse: Ile fast with you, rather then feast with him.

*Sia.* What can be welcomming vnto these armes? Not my estate recoverd, is more sweete, Nor strikis more ioy in mee, then does your loue.

*Rash.* Will you both kill then vpon the bargaine, Heere's two couple on you; God giue you ioy. I wish well to you, and I see tis all the good that I can doe you: And so to your shifles I leave you.

*Ioy.*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Soy.* Nay Brother, you will not leauue vs thus, I hope.

*Rab.* Why what would you haue me do, you meane to run away togeather, would you ha me run with you, and so loose my Inheritance : no, trudge, trudge with your backes to mee, and your bellies to them ; away.

*Ger.* Nay I prethee be not thus vnseasonable : Without thee we are nothing.

*Rab.* By my troth, and I thinke so too : you loue one another in the way of Matrimonie, doe you not ?

*Ger.* What else man ?

*Rab.* What else man ? why tis a question to be askt ; For I can assure you, there is an other kind of loue : But come follow mee, I must be your good Angell still : Tis in this braine how to prevent my Father, and his brace Of Beagles ; you shall none of you be bid to night : Follow but my direction, if I bring you not, To haue and to hold, for better for worse, let me be held an Eunuch in wit, and one that was never Father to a good Feast.

*Gart.* We'e be instructed by you.

*Rab.* Well, if you bee, it will be your owne another day. Come follow mee.

*Spendlall* meetes them, and they looke stranglely upon him, and Exit.

*Spend.* How ruthlesse men are to aduersarie, My acquaintance scarce will know mee, when wee meet They cannot stay to talke, they must be gone ; And shake mee by the hand as if I burnt them : A man must trust vnto himselfe, I see ; For if hee once but halfe in his estate, Friendship will prooue but broken Crutches to him : Well, I will leane to none of them, but stand Free of my selfe : and if I had a spirit Daring to act what I am prompted too, I must thrust out into the world againe,

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Full blossem'd with a sweete and golden Spring:  
It was an argument of loue in her,  
To fetch mee out of Prison, and this night,  
She clasp't my hand in hers, as who should say,  
Thou art my Purchase, and I hold thee thus:  
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it:  
I am resolud, my Genus whispers to mee  
Goe on and win her, thou art young and active;  
Which she is apt to catch at, for there's nougat  
That's more vnsteadfast, then a womans thought.

Enter Sir Lyo, Will Rafe, Scatter-good, Bubble,  
Widdow, Gartred, Joyce, Phillis,  
and Servant.

Lyo. Heere's ill lodgging Widdow: but you must know,  
If wee had better, wee could affoord it you.

Wid. The lodgging Sir, might serue better Guestes.

Lyo. Not better, Widdow, nor yet welcommer:  
But wee will leauie to it, and the rest:  
Phillis, pray let your Mistris want not any thing,  
Once more Good night, we leauie a kisse with you,  
As earnest of a better Guise to morrow,  
Sirrah, a Light.

Wid. Good rest to all.

Bub. Et tu quoque, torsooth.

Scat. God give you good-night, forsooth;  
And send you an early resurrection.

Wid. God-night to both.

Lyo. Come, come away, each Bird vnto his nest,  
To morrow night's a time of little rest.

*Maries Widdow and Phillis.*

Wid. Heere vntie: foyt, let it alone,

I haue no disposition to sleepe yet:

Give mee a Booke, and leane mee for a while,  
Some halfe houre hence, looke into mee.

Phil. I shall forsooth.

*Exit Phillis.*

*Enter*





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Enter Spendall.*

*Wid.* How now, what makes this bold intrusion?

*Spend.* Pardon mee Lady, I haue busines to you.

*Wid.* Busines, from whom, is it of such importance  
That it craues present hearing?

*Spend.* It does.

*Wid.* Then speake it, and be briefe..

*Spend.* Nay gentle *Widdow*, be more pliant to mee.  
My suite is soft and courteous : full of loue.

*Wid.* Of loue?

*Spend.* Of loue.

*Wid.* Why sure the man is madde? bethinke thy selfe,  
Thou hast forgot thy errand?

*Spend.* I haue indeed faire Lady ; for my errand  
Should first haue been deliuered on your lippes.

*Wid.* Why thou impudent fellow, vnthrift of shame,  
As well as of thy purse ; What has mooud thee  
To prosecute thy ruine? hath my bountie,  
For which thy Maister was an orator,  
Importune thee to pay mee with abuse?  
Sirra retire, or I will to your shame,  
With clamors rayse the house, and make your Maister  
For this attempt, returne you to the Dungion,  
From whence you came.

*Spend.* Nay then I must be desperate:  
*Widdow*, hold your Clapdыш, fasten your Tongue  
Vnto your Roofe, and do not dare to call,  
But giue mee audience, with feare and silence :  
Come kisse mee : No?

This Dagger has a poynct, doe you see it?  
And be vnto my suite obedient,  
Or you shall feele it too:  
For I will rather totter, hang in cleane Linnen,  
Then liue to scrub it out in lowsic Lynings.  
Go too, kisse : You will? why so : Againe: the third time?

*Good,*

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Good, tis a sufficient Charme : Now heare mee,  
You are rich in Mony, Lands, and Lordships,  
Mannors, and fayre Possessions, and I haue not so much  
As one poore Coppy-hold to thrust my head in.  
Why shouldest thou not then haue compassion  
vpon a reasonable handsome fellow,  
That has both youth and liuelihood vpon him;  
And can at midnight quicken and refresh  
Pleasures decayed in you? You want Children,  
And I am strong, lusty, and haue a backe  
Like Hercules, able to get them  
Without the helpe of Muscadine and Eggs :  
And will you then, that haue inough,  
Take to your Bed a bundle of diseases,  
Wrapt vp in threescore yeares, to lie a hawking,  
Spitting, and coffing backwards and forwards  
That you shall not sleepe; but thrusting forth  
Your face out of the Bed, be glad to draw  
The Curtaines, siche a steame shall reeke  
Out of this dunghill. Now what say you?  
Shall we without further wrangling clap it vp,  
And goe to Bed togeather?

Wid. Will you heare mee?

Knocke within.

Spend. Yes with all my heart,  
So the first word may bee, Vntrusse your Poynts.  
Zounds one knocks: do not stirre I charge you,  
Nor speake, but what I bid you:  
For by these Lippes, which now in loue I kisse,  
If you but struggle, or but rayse your voyce,  
My arme shall rise with it, and strike you dead.  
Go too, come on with mee, and aske who's there?

Wid. It is my Mayde.

Spend. No matter, doc as I bid you: say, Who's there?

Wid. Who's there?

Within Phillis. Tis I, sorsooth.

Spend. If it be you, sorsooth, then pray stay.

Till





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Till I shall call vpon you.

Wid. If it be you forsooth; then pray you stay,  
Till I shall call vpon you.

Spend. Very well, why now I see  
Thou'l prooue an obedient wife, come, let's vndresse.

Wid. Will you put vp your naked weapon sir?

Spend. You shall pardon mee (Widdow) I must haue you  
grant first.

Wid. You will not put it vp.

Spend. Not till I haue some token of your loue.

Wid. If this may be a testimonie take it. Kisse him.  
By all my hopes I loue thee, thou art worthy  
Of the best widdow living, thou tak'st the course;  
And those that will win widdowes must doe thus.

Spen. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked  
weapon in my hand; but come, vnlace.

Wid. Nay my deare loue, know that I will not yeeld  
My body vnto lust, vntill the Priest  
Shall joyn vs in Hymens sacred nuptiall rites.

Spend. Then set your hand to this, nay 'tis a contract  
Strong and sufficient, and will holde in Lawe,  
Heere, heere's pen and incke, you see I come prouided.

Wid. Giue me the penne.

Spend. Why here's some comfort.  
Yet write your name faire I pray,  
And at large; why now 'tis very well,  
Now widdow you may admit your Maid,  
For i'th next roome I'le goe fetch a nappe.

Wid. Thou shalt not leau me so, come prethee sit,  
Weel talke a while, for thou hast made my heart  
Dance in my bosome I receiue such joy.

Spend. Thou art a good wench yfaith, come kisse vpon't.

Wid. But will you be a louing husband to me,  
Auoyde all naughty company, and be true  
To me, and to my bedde?

Spend. As true to thee, as Steele to Adamant.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Binde him to the poasf.*

*Wid.* I'le binde you to your word, see that you be,  
Or I'le conceale my bagges, I haue kinsfolkes,  
To whom I'le mak't ouer, you shall not haue a penny.

*Spend.* Push, pre thee doe not doubt me,  
How now, what meaneſt this?

*Wid.* It meaneſt my vengeance ; nay ſir, you are fast,  
Nor doe not dare to ſtrugge, I haue libertie,  
Both of my tongue and feet, I'le call my maid :  
*Phillis* come in, and helpe to triumph,  
Enter *Phillis*.  
Ouer this bolde Intruder, wonder not werch,  
But goe vnto him, and ransacke all his pockets.  
And take from thence a Contrā & which he ſore'd  
From my vñwilling fingers:

*Spend.* Is this according to your oath.  
*Phillis* Come ſir, I muſt ſearch you.  
*Spend.* I pre thee do.  
And when thou tak'st that from me, take my life too.

*Wid.* Haſt thou it gerle?  
*Phill.* I haue a paper heere.  
*Wid.* It is the ſame, giue it me, looke you ſir,  
Thus your new fancied hopes I teare afunder:  
Poore wretched man, t'haſt had a golden dreame,  
Which guilded o're thy calamitie :  
But being awake thou findeſt it ill laid on,  
For with one finger I haue wip'd it off :  
Goe fetch me hither the Casket that containes  
My choicest Jewells, and ſpread them heere before him ;  
Looke you ſit :  
Heere's gold, peartle, rubies, ſaphires, diamonds ;  
These would be goodly things for you to pawne,  
Once well wiſh amongſt your Curtizans,  
Whilſt I and mine did flarue : why doſt not curse,  
And vtter all the miſchieves of thy heart,  
Which I know ſwells within thee, powre it out,  
And let me heare thy fury.

*Spend.*





## *Greenes Tu Quoque.*

*Spend.* Neuer, neuer:

When ere my tongue shall speake but well of thee,  
It prooues no faughtfull seruant to my heart.

*Wid.* Falfe traitor to thy maister, and to me,  
Thou liest, there's no such thing within thee.

*Spend.* May I be burn'd to vgliness, to that  
Which you and all men hate, but I speake truth.

*Wid.* May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame  
Of all my Sex, — and if I not beleue thee,  
Take me vnto thee, these, and all that's mine,  
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all:  
And doe not blame this triall, cause it shews  
I giue my selfe vnto thee, am not forc'd,  
And with't alone, that ne'r shall be diuorc'd.

*Spend.* I am glad 'tis come to this yet, by this light  
Thou putt'st me into a horrible feare:  
But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts  
Were not so desperate as my actions seem'd,  
For soore my dagger shoulde ha drawne one droppe  
Of thy chaste blood, it shoulde haue sluc'd out mine:  
And the cold point strucke deepe into my heart:  
Nor better be my fate, if I shall moue  
To any other pleasure but thy loue.

*Wid.* It shall be in my Creed: but lett's away,  
For night with her blacke Steeds drawes vp the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rast, Staines, Geraldine, Gartred, Joyce, and  
a Boy with a Lanthorne.*

*Rast.* Softly Boy, softly, you thinke you are vpon firme  
ground, but it is dangerous; you'l never make a good thiefe,  
you rogue, till you learne to creepe vpon all fourre: if I do not  
sweare with going this pace: every thing I see, mee thinkes,  
should be my father in his white beard.

*Sta.* It is the property of that passion, for feare  
Still shapes all things we see to that we feare.

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rasb. Well said Logicke , sister, I pray lay hold of him,  
For the man I see is able to giue the Watch-an answere, if they

Enter Spendall, Widdow, and Phyllis.

should come vpon him with Interrogatories : zownds wee are  
discouered, boy, come vp close, and yse the property of your  
Lanthorne : what dumbe shew should this be? (vs.

Geral. They take their way directly, intend nothing againt  
Sta. Can you not discerne who they are?

Ioyce. One is Spendall.

Gart. The other is the Widdow as I take it.

Sta. Tis true, and that's her maid before her.

Rasb. What a night of conspiracie is heere, more villanie?  
there's another goodly mutton going, my father is fleeced of  
all, grieve will giue him a box yfaith, but 'tis no great matter,  
I shall inherit the sooner, nay sooth sir, you shall not passe so cur-  
rant with the matter, I'le shake you alittle : who goes thered?

Spend. Out with the Candle, who's that askes the question?

Rasb. One that has some reason for't.

Spend. It should be, by the voyce, yong Rasb.

Why we are honest folkes.

Rasb. Pray where do you dwell? not in towne I hope.

Spend. Why we dwell, zownds where doe we dwell?  
I know not where.

Rasb. And you'l be married you know not when, zownds  
it were a Christian deed to stoppe thee in thy iourny : hast thou  
no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee. Sup-  
pose I had beene a Constable, you had beene in a fine taking,  
had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,  
Is there no worse face of ill bent towards me,  
Then that thou merrily putt'st on,

Rasb. Yes, heere's fourte or fife faces more, but ne'r an ill  
one, though never an excellent good one, Boy, vp with your  
lanthorne of light, and shew him his associats, all running a-  
way with the flesh as thou art, goe yoake together, you may  
be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough, go march  
together :





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

together, the Parson staies for you ; pay him royally, come, giue me the Lanthorthe, for you haue light sufficient, for night has put off his blacke Cappe, and salutes the morne, now farewell my little children of Cupid, that walke by two and two as if you went a feasting : let mee heare no more words, but be gone.

*Spend. & Sta. Farewell.*

*Gart. & Joyce Farewell brother.* *Manet Ralb.*

*Ralb.* I, you may crie farewell, but if my father shoulde know of my villanie, how shoulde I fare then? but all's one, I ha' done my sisters good, my friends good, and my selfe good, and a generall good is alwaies to be respected before a particular, ther's eight score pounds a yeare sau'd, by the conveyance of this widdow; I heare footesteps, now darkenesse take me into thy arms, and deliuere me from discouery. *Exit.*

*Enter sir Lyoneil.*

*Lyonell* Lord, lord, what a carelesse world is this, neyther Bride nor Bridegroome ready, time to goe to Church, and not a man vntroosted, this age has not seen a yoong Gallant rise with a candle, we liue drowned in feather-beds, and dreame of no other felicitie : this was not the life when I was a yong man, what makes vs so weake as wee are now? a feather-bed : what so vnapt for exercise? a feather-bed : what breedes such paines and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed or a wench, or at least a wench in a feather-bed : is it not a shame, that an olde man as I am shoulde be vp first, and in a wedding day, I thinke in my conscience there's more mettall in laddes of ithree score, then in boyes of one and twenty. *Enter Basket hilt.*

Why *Basket* hilt.

*Bask.* Heere sir.

*Lyon.* Shall I not be trussed to day?

*Bask.* Yes sir, but I went for water.

*Lyon.* Is Will Ralb vp yet?

*Basket.* I thinke not sir, for I heard no body stirring in the house.

*Lyon.* Knocke serra at his chamber,

*Knocke within.*

*The:*

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

The house might be plucked downe and buildded againe  
Before hee'd wake with the noyse. Rash aloft.

Rash. Who's that keepes such a knocking, are you madde?

Lyon. Rather thou art drunke, thou lazy slowch,  
That mak'st thy bed thy graue, and in it buriest  
All thy youth and vigor; vp for shame.

Rash. Why 'tis not two a clocke yet.

Lyo. Our sluggish knaue 'tis neerer vnto five,  
The whole house has ouer-slept themselues, as if they had drunk  
wilde poppy: Sirra, goe you and raise the maides, and let them  
call vpon their mistresses.

Bask. Well sir, I shall.

[Enter Scattergod and Bubble.]

Exit.

Scatt. Did I eate any Lettuce to supper last night, that I am  
so sleepie, I thirke it be day light, brother Bubble.

Bub. What sai'st thou brother? heigh ho!

Lyon. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what sluggishnesse  
Hath seiz'd vpon you? why thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster, surely I was begotten in a  
Plumb-tree,

I ha such a deale of gumme about mine eies. Enter Sernant.

Lyon. Lord how you stand! I am ashamed to see  
The Sunne should be a witnesse of your slouth,  
Now sir, your haste.

Bask. Marry sir, there are guests comming to accompany  
you to church.

Ly. Why this is excellent, men whom it not concerns  
Are more respectiue then we that are maine Actors.

Bub. Father Rash, be not so outrageous, we will goe in and  
buckle our selues, all in good time, how now! what's this a-  
bout my shinnes? Enter old Geraldine, and Long-field.

Scatt. Me thought our shankes were not fellowes, we haue  
met amorphosed our stockings for want of splendor. Exit.

Bub. Pray what's that Splendor?

Scatt. Why 'tis the Latin word for a Christmasse candle

Lyon. O Gentlemen, you loue, you honour mee, welcome,  
welcome





## Greenes Tu Quoque.

welcome good Master Geraldine, you haue taken paines  
To accompany an vnderferving friend. *Enter Phyllis.*

*Old Ger.* You put vs to a needelesse labouir sir,  
To runne and wind about for circumstance,  
When the plaine word, I thanke you, would haue seru'd.

*Lyon.* How now wench, are the females ready yet ?  
The time comes on vpon vs, and we ruane backward:  
We are so vntoward in our busines,  
We thinke not what we haue to doe, nor what we doe.

*Phill.* I know not sir whether they know what to doe, but  
I am sure they haue beeene at Church well-nic an houre, they  
were afraid you had got the start of them, which made them  
make such haste.

*Lyon.* Is't possible, what thinke you Gentlemen?  
Are not these wenches forward? is there not vertue in a man  
can make yong Virgins leaue their beddes so soone.  
But is the widow gone along with them?

*Phill.* Yes sir, why she was the ring-leader.

*Lyo.* I thought as much, for she knowes what belong's to't,  
Come Gentlemen, me thinkes 'tis sport to see  
Yong wenches run to church before their husbands: *En. Rab.*  
Faith we shall make them blush for this eare night :  
A sūra, are you come? why that's well said;  
I marld indeede that all things were so quiet,  
Which made me thinke th'ad not vnwrapt their sheets:

*Enter Servant with a cloake.*  
And then were they at Churche I holde my life:  
Maides thinkē it long yntill ech be ma to a wise.

*Enter Spand Sta, Geraldine, Widow Gartred, and Joyce.*  
Hast thou my cloake knauē? well said, put it on,  
Wee'l after them; let me gne in sten both,  
Both the Bridegroomes forward, wee'l walke alittle  
Softly on afore: but see, see, if they be not come  
To fetch vs now, we come, we come,  
Bid them retorne, and saue themselues this labour.

*Rab.* Now haue I a quartane ague vpon me.

*Lyon.*

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyonell. Why how now! why come you from Church to kneele thus publikely, what's the matter?

Ger. We kneele sir for your blessing.

Lyon. How, my blessing! Master Geraldine, is not that your sonne?

Old Ger. Yes sir, and that I take it is your daughter.

Lyon. I suspect knavery, what are you?

Why doe you kneele hand in hand with her?

Seal. For a fatherly blessing too sir.

Lyon. Hoy day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd, and my sonne Scatter-good and Bubble fool'd, you are married!

Spend. Yes sir, we are married.

Lyon. More villanie! euery thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We shall goe the right way anone, I hope.

Lyon. Yes marry siall you, you shal lene to the Counter againe, and that's the right way for you.

Wid. O you are wrong,

The prison that shall hold him are these armes.

Lyon. I doe feare that I shall turne stinckard, I do smell such a matter: you are married then?

Enter Scatter-good and Bubble.

Spend. Ecce signum, heere's the wedding Ring t'affirme it.

Lyon. I beleue the knave has druncke Ipocras,  
He is so pleasant.

Seal. God morrow Gentlemen.

Bub. Tu quoquo to all: what, shall we goe to Church?  
Come, I long to be about this geare.

Lyon. Doe you heare me, will you two goe sleepe againe? take out the tother nap, for you are both made Cockes-combes, and so am I.

Seal. Hovv, Cockes-combes!

Lyon. Yea Cockes-combes.

Seal. Father, that word Cockes-comb goes against my stomacke.

Bub. And against mine, a man might ha digested a Wood-cocke better.

Lyon.





## Greene's Tu Quoque.

Lyon. You two come now to goe to church to be married,  
And they two come from Church, and are married.

Bub. How, married! I would see that man durst marry her.

Ger. Why sir, what would you doe?

Bub. Why sir I would forbid the banes,

Scatt. And so would I.

Lyon. Doe you know that youth in Sattin, hee's the penner  
that belongs to that Inck-horne.

Bub. How, let me see, are not you my man Gernasot  
*Stainor* Stainor Yes sir. Enter a Sergeant.

Bub. And haue you married her?

*Rainer* Rainer *Sear*. Yes sir.

Bub. And doe you thinke you haue vsde me well?

*Stainor* Stainor Yes sir.

Bub. O intollerable rascall! I will presently be made a su-  
ffice of Peace, and haue thee whipp'd, goe fetch a Constable.

*Stainor* Stainor Come, yare a flourishing Ass; Sergeant take him to  
thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Lyon. Sirra let him goe, I'll be his baile, for all debts which  
come against him.

*Hamer* Sear. Reuerend sir, to whom I owe the duty of a sonne,  
Which I shall euer pay in my obedience:

Know that which made him gracious in your eyes;

And guilded ouer his imperfections,

Is wasted and consumed eu'en like ice,

Which by the vchementce of heate dissolues,

And glides to many riuers, so his wealth,

That felte a prodigall hand, hote in expence,

Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers,

Rannte like a violent stremme to other mens,

What was my owne, I catch'd ar.

*Stainor* Lyon. Haue you your morgage in?

*Sear*. Yes sir.

Lyon. Stand vp, the matter is well amended,

Master Geraldine, you giue sufferance to this match.

Old Ger. Yes marry doe I sir, for since they loue,

## Greenes Tu Quoque.

Men haue the crime lie on my head,

To diuide it an and wife.

Lyon. Why you say well, my blessing fall vpon you,

W.M. An vpon vs that haue sir Lyonell.

Lyon. By my troth since thou haist tane the yong knaue,  
God giue thee ioy of him, and may hee prove

A wiser man then his Master.

Sgt. Sergeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Serg. Sir Lyonell Raby will baile him.

Lyon. I baile him knaue! wherefore should I baile him?  
No, carry him away, I'le relieue no prodigalls.

Bub. Good sir Lyonell, I beseech you sir, Gentlemen, I pray  
make a purse for me.

Serg. Come sir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why that does you no harme Gernase, master I should  
say; some compassion.

Sgt. Sergeants, come backe with him, looke sir, heere is  
your liuery,  
If you can put off all your former pride,  
And put on this with that humilitie  
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,  
Free you of all incombrances,  
And take you againe into my seruice.

Bub. Tenter-hooke let mee goe, I will take his worshipe  
offer without wages, rather then come into your clutches a-  
gaine; a man in a blewe coate may haue some colour for his  
knauary, in the Counter he can haue none.

Lyon. But now M. Scatter-good, what say you to this?

Scatt. Marry I say 'tis scarce honest dealing for any man to  
Conny-catch another mans wife, I protest wee'l not put it vp.

Sgt. No, which we?

Scatt. Why Gartred and I.

Sgt. Gartred, why shal' I put it vp?

Scatt. Will she?

Ger. I thinke she will, and so must you.

Scatt. Must I?

Ger.





## *Greenes Tu Quoque.*

*Ger.* Yes that you must.

*Scatt.* Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not:  
But that I must: So vale, vale: Et tu quoque. *Exit.*

*Lyon.* Why that's well said,  
Then I perceive we shall wind vp all wrong:  
Come Gentlemen, and all our other guests;  
Let our well-temper'd bloods taste Bacchus feasts,  
But let vs know first how these sports delight,  
And to these Gentlemen each bid good night.

*Rash.* Gentles, I hope, that well my labor ends,  
All that I did was but to please my friends.

*Ger.* A kind enamouret I did striue to proue,  
But now I leave that, and pursue your loue.

*Gars.* My part I haue performed with the rest,  
And though I haue not, yet I would doe best.

*Sia.* That I haue cheated through the Play, 'tis true,  
But yet I hope, I haue not cheated you.

*Joyce.* If with my clamors I haue done you wrong,  
Euer hereafter I will hold my tongue.

*Spend.* If through my riot I haue offendise beene,  
Henceforth I'le play the ciuil Citizen.

*Wid.* Faith all that I say, is, how ere it happe,  
Widdowes like Mids sometimes may catch a clappe.

*Bub.* To mirth and laughter henceforth I'le prouoke ye,  
If you but please to like of *Greenes Tu quoque*.

## FINIS.

























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